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Gillette

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MEMOIR

OF

REV. DANIEL HOLBROOK GILLETTE,

OF MOBILE, ALABAMA.

BY HIS BROTHERS,

REV. W. B. GILLETTE, OF PISCATAWAY,

AND

REV. A. D. GILLETTE, OF PHILADELPHIA.

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TO THE

CHURCHES AND KIND PEOPLE,

IN

RAHWAY, N. J.; CHARLOTTSVILLE, VA.; MOBILE, ALA.;

AND

ABOVE ALL,

BECAUSE

NEARER TO HIM THAN ALL,

TO OUR

OFT STRICKEN AND EVER BELOVED MOTHER,

WE

DEDICATE THESE FAINT OUTLINES

OF

THEIR YOUTHFUL BISHOP

AND

HER YOUNGEST SON.

PREFACE.

Dear Reader,—This volume owes its origin to the affection of three churches, very respectable for numbers, intelligence, and piety, over whom, by appointment of Christ, it was the early lot of our dear young brother successively, and very successfully, to preside.

Those who knew him best, in health, sickness, life, or even in death, believed that his career, though short, was richly fraught with instruction. His uncommon diligence in study, being almost a pastor while but a student—his indomitable efforts to support himself in college—his future rapid exaltation in and by the public mind, from the almost unknown novitiate, in four short years, to the bishopric of churches, worthy of the most commanding talents and experienced wisdom. His almost unparalleled feebleness and vexing bodily infirmities, and yet his continuance, *like a fixed star*, so long before the world's admiring gaze, though failing bodily, yet growing in mental and spiritual splendour, were circumstances which his devoted people cherished too

highly to suffer eclipse from their being written only on the memory of a busy and dying community.

It would have been a privilege to the compilers, could they have retired within the sacredness of their home circle, and, with their *remnant* family, mourned, in silence and seclusion, his early death and the death of an elder brother, Rev. PHILANDER DUNHAM GILLETTE, of Elmira, New York, which so afflictingly followed. But three highly influential churches, and many thousand weeping admirers, extending from central New York to the Gulf of Mexico, commanded us, and we could not but endeavour to obey their voice. We would conclude in the language of the Rev. A. Judson, D. D., in reference to the dust of his precious wife, Sarah, "And so, God willing, while [his] prostrate form reposes in death, and [his] sanctified spirit enjoys sweeter repose on the bosom of Jesus, let me continue to toil on all my appointed time until my change, too, shall come."

MEMOIRS

OF

REV. DANIEL HOLBROOK GILLETTE.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND ANCESTRY.

Daniel Holbrook Gillette's native place was in the township of Cambridge, which is situated in the south central part of Washington county, in the state of New York, about forty miles east by north of the city of Albany, and thirty-four north of the city of Troy. He was born March 25th, 1813. His father's residence was a most delightful spot in Nature's landscape. It stood between two ranges of high, round hills, whose sides and summits were covered with beech, birch, maple, and other beautiful forest-trees, from amid the thick foliage of which shot heavenward and high above them the spear-like and ever green white pine, as useful to man as it is ornamental to his hilly home. Five beautiful, small lakes or ponds of fresh water lie along and sparkle in the bottom of this valley, extending their range to the distance of about three miles from their most southern to their northern extremity. On a rounding strait of land which lies between the two most southern of these lovely natural

reservoirs of pure mountain springs, in whose bosoms leap and gambol fish of various kinds, stood the ever, ever

> "Dear to our hearts,
> The home of our childhood."

Dr. Fidelio Buckingham Gillette, Daniel's father, was a man of liberal education, and, by profession, a physician, of respectable attainments. His skill in practice is often the theme of the few of his patients who survive him. They are few, for they belong to a former generation, and will soon follow him "the way of all the earth."

Dr. Gillette was the eldest son of the Rev. Elisha Gillette, who was a native of Connecticut, and for more than sixty years witnessed a good profession, and ceased not to teach and to preach Jesus Christ, and him crucified. He spent more than two-thirds of his protracted and useful life on Long Island; where, also, he finished his course and rested from his labours in 1820, aged eighty-six years. His venerable dust lies buried in a graveyard near the residence of his only surviving son, the Hon. D. Gano Gillette, in Patchogue, Suffolk county, Long Island, New York.

Elisha Gillette was the son of the Rev. William Gillette, M. D., a native of France, who was a Huguenot and a clergyman, as well as physician. When papal persecution burst out in new fury, and raged against this truly apostolic class of Christians, Dr. Gillette, through the importunity of his patients, and mainly on account of his medical profes-

sion and usefulness to the health of the neighbourhood, was exempted from the doom of banishment or death. In compliance with the wishes of his friends, who, during that period of fearful excitement, cared more for the body than the soul, he desisted for a short time from publicly preaching the gospel. But soon he felt constrained to fulfil his ordination vows; fidelity to his Master in heaven prevailed over all temporal policy: he resumed his work, and preached the gospel from house to house, while he took his rounds as a physician, and often public assemblies were addressed by him in various neighbourhoods of his ride.

The infuriated papal policemen and soldiers could not withhold their displeasure at this religious freedom which the Doctor enjoyed: his property was confiscated, his life in danger, and, while yet a young man, he was exiled from his home in beloved France. One lingering look, one heavy sigh, and he saw its sunny scenes no more. He came to America; came, as thousands of our early settlers came, a pennyless stranger, suffering banishment and privation for conscience, and for Jesus' sake. Soon after arriving he settled in Connecticut, and began the practice of medicine, which he continued through his long life. By close application and study he early acquired the use of the English language, and in it he embraced frequent opportunities for preaching the gospel: he officiated as pastor to several congregations among the colonists at Saybrook and vicinity.

It is proper to state that both of these venerable

ancestors of Daniel lived most of their days and died in communion with the Baptist church; both, however, observing "the seventh day as the Sabbath of the Lord their God." Dr. Wm. Gillette died at the advanced age of ninety, and lies buried in Lyme, Conn.

Daniel's paternal grandmother was the daughter of Lieutenant Governor Buckingham of Connecticut. His mother was a direct descendant of the *Rev. Edmond Dunham, and Rev. Jonathan Dunham* of Piscataway, New Jersey, the former was founder of the Seventh day Baptist Church in Piscataway, and the latter his successor, of which church the Rev. Walter Bloomfield Gillette is now pastor.

Daniel was the tenth child of his parents, and the fifth son—four of whom became clergymen.—The second son, Fidelio Buckingham Gillette, M. D., was suddenly cut off by disease; a martyr to exposure and ambition in his profession in Schenectady, N. Y., 1834. He bore his father's whole name and many of his characteristics; as well as his profession.

Philander Dunham Gillette, the eldest of the brothers, commenced the study of medicine with his father, joined the northern army, near the close of the last war, was dismissed on peace being declared,—went to Salem, New Jersey, became an assistant in the academy, and a student under its preceptor, the Rev. Joseph Sheppard, who also baptized him, and directed his way into the ministry. He studied theology under Dr. Staughton of Phila-

delphia. In the state of New York, in Philadelphia, and elsewhere, he sustained the pastoral relation to several highly respectable and influential churches, five of which, by his own self-supported exertions, he was the means of raising. Worn to premature age, by exposure and toil, he fell on sleep, on the 28th day of March, 1845, in the village of Fairport, township of Elmira, Chemung Co., N. York, only six weeks after his young brother, Daniel, to whom he was much endeared, had preceded him into the kingdom of their heavenly Father.

Here we are compelled to pause in our narrative, and give grief its freedom. Seldom has a task more impressively solemn fallen to the lot of biographers, perhaps never one so peculiar as this. Here rush upon our minds the recollections of our venerable, reverend and esteemed ancestors, who for nearly two centuries have ceased not to teach and to preach in the name of Jesus; and, that, too, when persecution raged, because the offence of the cross had not ceased.

The recollections of departed excellence which have been matured and developed, by a long series of years is mingled with melancholy feelings; and earlier bereavements demand the tributary tear. We here incidentally erect a monument to age, to youth, to genius, to usefulness, and above all to piety. Yes, to piety, which, alas, appears to us mortals, as if it were too prematurely wrapped in the oblivion of the grave.

Surely we must pursue our mournful work with trembling hands and bleeding hearts.

Experience has doubtless taught the reader that the mind is soothed by the communication of its sorrow, the bosom is relieved of heavy burdens by telling the virtues of the friends it mourns; and our best feelings of heart are gratified with the consciousness that instead of indulging alone the luxury of unavailing grief, it has done what it could in portraying in lively colours for the good of the living, the excellence of the beloved and pious dead.

With mournful pleasure we sketch the outlines of him, whose life exhibited one of the loveliest and most finished characters the world ever saw in youth. We do this, regretting that one so ripe for heaven should so soon be called from needed usefulness on earth; and that not to abler hands had this work been committed.

In solemn sadness we now attempt to detail the chief incidents in the brief and brilliant career of our youngest brother in the flesh, youngest of four in the same family, who were in the work of the ministry of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Our effort owes its origin to one of those mysterious providences, which seem sent upon the church to admonish her of the mortality of those on whom she is too apt to depend, to whose abilities and ministrations she too often looks for succour and advancement, to the neglect of Him by whose might and love and Spirit, she can alone go on and prosper.

A life which had been, though short, no less instructive than its close, needed to be chronicled, that it might be reviewed by his friends, and spread be-

fore many who but for this imperfect memoir, would remain ignorant of the early struggles against poverty, and need of education, the work of faith and labour of love, and unwasting patience of one of Christ's young and valiant soldiers, whom he has so kindly taken up to an inheritance of the promises.

The bereaved people in Rahway, New Jersey, Charlotsville, Va., and Mobile, Alabama, required this labour at our hands, and while regretting that abler minds do not perform the duty, we are impelled to make the attempt, hoping at least by this means, to show some of our heart-felt gratitude to those dear churches; and our just appreciation of those many personal friends of our lamented brother, who have advised us to the undertaking.

The many relatives and social circles by whom our brother was so much beloved, forbid but that embalmed in a public form, should be a life of one who while lovely and promising in his relations to them, was transcendently more so to those among whom he laboured and suffered and died.

It is with sensitive diffidence and sincere humility that we beseech the blessing of God upon this short-coming production; for to Him we commend it, as a work sacred to his cause, and to the considerations of friendship. To those who knew and loved him it will sometimes recall, with indescribable, and we trust grateful emotions, his image and excellencies. May they all, by it, be induced to emulate his bright array of Christian virtues, and if they are aspirants to the bright aims of the Gospel

herald, may they cherish also and largely possess his ministerial graces.

Great Father in heaven, may it indeed to the candidate for pastorship in Christ's church, be the means of encouragement, instruction, caution and zeal. Be it so, and the labour we have bestowed in this way is not in vain,—no, verily, for then is ours a rich reward, and thine the glory and praise evermore. Amen.

CHAPTER II.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Daniel's father lived on a public turnpike near the district school house; blessed with maternal care and affection, his youngest son's earliest days were spent, retired from an observing world, and remote from any thing peculiar that might be expected to mark his budding childhood. We do not know that there was excited, or made to appear in him, any remarkable degree of talent, or that there was displayed by him any early genius beyond what intelligent parents and friends discover in most of the children who are the recipients of their instruction and love.

One child-like anecdote we here record, for it is well remembered. When Daniel was between the ages of two and six years, it was his frequent custom to place three chairs with their backs so together as to enclose the seat of one on three sides, and getting himself within the enclosure, standing

on the seat of one, and leaning over the tops of the others, would call us little folks around him: lead us in song, and then from his own childish brain, preach to us, with all the seeming gravity and earnestness of one who feels himself sent on Heaven's most important errand to mankind. Thus, as we now see, early presaging his future brief but brilliant and successfully-pursued calling in his Master's vineyard.

When Daniel was not yet seven years old he experienced an earthly privation, which is second in degree only—(the loss of a mother being first) in its extent, among the calamities that can befall a child—it was the sudden decease of his father. The exciting scenes connected with this bereavement are well remembered; also Daniel's appearance on the mournful occasion. To the conviction of all the friends present, Daniel seemed conscious of what death was beyond what is generally apparent in a boy of his years—he was sedate and quiet, kept himself much within doors, and exhibited in his remarks a participation in the solemn scene, unusual even in many quite his seniors in age. Some whose tearful eyes were witnesses of that mournful event, as they occasionally meet, still speak of Daniel's marked conduct during the funeral service. He was seated by his stricken mother's feet, on a small stool: he would frequently look up into her grief-smitten face; and expressing a sympathetic feeling seem to say, "Dear mother, I feel for you. I know your loss is great, and I, alas, am now your fatherless boy. O! mother, who will now be our protector and guardian?"

Though Daniel was then too young to appreciate a father's worth, yet he felt the stroke that cut that father down, in his manhood's prime, and he pondered it deeply in his heart, and the impressions it made upon his youthful mind were lasting.

There was at this early age something remarkably amiable and winning in Daniel's manner; which, combined with his gentle and frail form, and especially his fatherless situation, gained for him the esteem of all who knew him, and he was spoken of by parents to their children as the "good little boy."

Well would it be if parents were more generally in the habit of cultivating and encouraging in their children, the graces of a meek and quiet spirit: these are far more valuable, than the rare but often sought qualities of a prematurely developed mind. Talents too much desired by ambitious parents in their offspring, if unadorned with real excellencies of heart, are liable to render the idols of their education the ministers of anguish to themselves and irreparable mischief to mankind.

About this time, Daniel was taken by his eldest living sister, who, though several years married, had but one child, a daughter, six years Daniel's junior. This beloved sister, Mrs. Emeline Taft, became as a mother, and her husband as a father to their adopted brother and son. Daniel seemed to know no difference in their relations to himself, than those existing between them and their only child.

This sister reared Daniel carefully: being educated herself, she took early, and unwearied pains, to en-

grave upon his young mind and heart, the lessons of morality, intelligence, and religious truth. Indeed, for several years, she was his only instructer, and her room his only school—his little niece his only companion and associate in study—for soon after Daniel's union with this little family, Mr. Taft engaged in the lumber business, and removed from the pleasant town and society of Cambridge, about fifty miles north, where he settled, amid the wild rocks and towering cliffs, and more than romantic scenery that line the shores of the far-famed mountain-enclosed and picturesque waters of Lake Horicon, commonly called Lake George.

Daniel's youthful days were destined henceforth here in this wild retired solitude to be passed—his sweet little niece, Cynthia Maria, his only playmate —as neighbours were two or more miles distant, and a rude path or dangerous lake sail, in a frail skiff or log canoe, was their only means of neighbourly intercourse.

In this beloved sister, now in heaven, was well performed what would have been, otherwise, the pleasing task of Daniel's yet living pious mother—who in entirely and safely confiding the education of her youngest son to her then eldest living daughter, was actuated by that spirit of devotion which is peculiar to fond mothers—the desire to gratify the wish of her daughter, and at any amount of personal sacrifice to herself, seek to do the best she could by her son.

In this wild but lovely region, of their new

home, there was much to inspirit and animate an ardent-minded and guileless boy. Here he was, where nature revelled almost undisturbed by man—wolves, deer, and other wild game, roamed free upon the mountains; fish of rare beauty, and epicurean excellence, leaped and abounded in the pure waters of the lake—which washed by its limpid waves three sides of the little grass-carpeted peninsula, in the centre of which stood the humble log-built dwelling of this happy family. Three hundred and sixty-five islands, covered during summer and autumn with beautiful green—surrounded by jutting rocks—dot and adorn the surface of this mountain lakelet. Several of these islands are included in the scene which the eye encircles, as it looks from Mr. Taft's house out on the billowy bosom of the deep, and thereby unite in composing an unrivalled landscape and lake view. On this scene, with early eyes and a susceptible heart, this dear boy was wont to look, with wrapped and profitable emotions.

One of these islands now bears the name of this boy, and we trust it will in all coming time.

The occasion of its receiving such a designation, was as follows. Daniel and his little niece, as they were accustomed—took a sail upon the treacherous lake one day, and landed on this island: it being his first arrival there, he took formal possession of it in his own family name GILLETTE, after the manner in which he had seen Columbus represented in engravings taking possession of this new world. As he had no standard with him to rear, or cross to

plant, he clambered up one of the tallest trees, and high on the bark of its trunk, inscribed his name and the date of the event. To these lovely earth spots, green in the midst of wildly dashing waters—Daniel and his little niece often paddled their light canoe; nor was it an unusual thing, for their sister mother, to share their billowy voyage, and lovely lake-life pastime.

It was doubtless while these rude and soft scenes of nature's untamed loveliness were being impressed upon our young brother's heart and mind, that the peculiarly mild and yet enthusiastic temperament of his manhood's character was contracted and formed. These scenes contributed essentially to the web and woof of his matured excellence: after years showed with vividness and power that he received and blended in *his very being* these soft, bold, and spirited associations.

During this happy spring-tide of life, manhood was drawing nigh, and sterner considerations than he was accustomed to indulge in, began to press themselves upon Daniel's mind.

In this remote mountain settlement religious privileges were very few and far between. Clergymen, however, did from a distance seek out and visit this retired region, and to the simple-minded inhabitants in their log cabins, and under the shade of their wild native trees, preach the glorious gospel of the blessed God. At Mr. Taft's rude but comfortable dwelling, such usually found a hearty welcome, and a prophet's small room.

Their fare was usually lake trout, which Daniel on such occasions would take special pains to procure, and Emeline, his sister, equal pains frugally to prepare.

Many a man of God has still in recollection those happy seasons which he spent with this simple-minded and lovely family, nor do they forget the rosy cheek flaxen-haired boy, whose expanding brow and sparkling eye, and unsophisticated questions, bespoke to the observing, a sphere of future usefulness less limited than the one he so happily now filled, amid the rude circle of his there retired, isolated home.

It is to religious privileges such as we have alluded to, that Daniel refers in the following letter, to his brother A., then Pastor in Schenectady.

"Dresden, Sept., 1831.

"Dear Brother,

"Though cousins and others of our relatives die, it is my privilege to enjoy good health. I yet live on the shore of the beautiful Lake Horicon, and shall be likely to remain here some time to come, but my mind is made up, to leave ultimately. This is a very healthy place, but we have few religious meetings, and but poor schools, and they are kept open only a part of the year.

"In Hague, opposite to this place, the *Rev. John Barker* is settled, as pastor of a small Baptist church. He preaches frequently in this neglected region, and is settled in what has been a very wicked place, but some have reformed. In August last he held a general meeting, and about sixteen have lately been hope-

fully converted, thirteen of whom were recently baptized—one was a striking case: an old man who had lived in sin eighty-five years: he was led down into the water meekly as a child, and received the ordinance. O may my preserver not let me live so long in such a way. May I, while young, become a Christian."

"Dear brother, you wrote me a fine letter: I received it thankfully, as from one who I knew was my friend. I liked the advice it conveyed to me very much. I do wish I could see you; then I would tell you more than I can now write. I intend to visit mother this fall, and if I am not too much hurried, I will visit you. O how happy I should be to do so. O if I could once see all of my brothers and sisters.

"Receive this as from the hands of your own brother, D. H. GILLETTE."

Truth preached to the inhabitants of this romantic and picturesque region, had its desired effect. This whole family were pricked in the heart, believed, and were baptized in the translucent lake near by their own dwelling. Nor was our young brother a mere formal participant in these stirring scenes.

Owing to the want of the privileges, of which he speaks in the letter—Daniel left home and attended school in the village of Hague, which lies on the west shore of the lake, and though several miles towards Ticonderoga, distant from Mr. Taft's residence, can plainly be seen from that place.

What were the advantages which this school afforded for intellectual culture we are not minutely informed. Yet from its isolated position and limited population, and they mostly compelled to live by rough hard labour, in getting pine and other timber from the rugged mountains, it is not probable that education could there be extensively pursued.

Daniel carried serious feelings with him to this place, which, as is proved in his history, were of much value and a sure support in the hours of trial which so early came upon our young soldier of the cross. He writes,

"Hague, Warren Co., N. Y., Jan., 1833.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"I am attending school in this place. I make my home at the house of the Rev. John Barker. My privileges are considerable in school and church.—The rich displays of God's tender mercies have caused me to take a bold stand in the cause of Christ.

"On the fourth day of last December, I was united to the church, by following the footsteps of my Lord into the watery grave.—I aim now to do nothing but my Father's will; I feel his love. It is my duty to work while the day lasts. The harvest truly is great, and the labourers are few. If I am a chosen vessel of the Lord, I am willing to serve him, as I may be able. I heard that you were desirous for me to get a liberal education, and would willingly help me to it. I am willing to receive help from any person, should I need it, but I fear lest by the time I have graduated,—the Lord having kindled a fire of love in my heart, it would go out, and I should be like a stick of wood,

covered with ice and snow.—May the Lord take charge of my mind, and keep it, for I am young, and my heart is

'Prone to wander from the Lord I love.'

"You seem nearer to me than any others of my relations, and are many miles nearer than any of my other brothers. I say therefore to you, that in the spring I shall go from these parts, to some place where I can prosecute necessary learning. If you can suggest any plan, do write me word. I long to enter the Lord's service, and exhort sinners to flee from the wrath to come, and seek the salvation of their souls.

"The Lord has worked mightily in Dresden recently: about sixty have been brought to the acknowledgment of the truth as it is in Christ.—Brother Taft and sister Emeline think they have found out the way of life and salvation.

"Your affectionate brother,

D. H. GILLETTE."

The above is the only record which we have been able to find of our young brother's first love and early consecration of himself to the service of his Redeemer. While it would gratify us to peruse the unvarnished account that an unsophisticated boy, brought up amid such wild associations, might make of his first impression of Divine truth, convictions of sin, and views of hope, joys of pardon and ecstasy of sonship in the family of the redeemed, yet we cannot partake the joy: for most of his early writings were destroyed.

But that self-denying man of God whose pious

labours were so abundantly blessed in this region, and who was mainly instrumental in the conversion of our young brother, and of whom such kind mention is made in a former letter, has nearly supplied the deficiency in the following letter.

"Chester, Warren Co., N. Y., August, 1845.

"DEAR BROTHER GILLETTE,

"Your friendly letter came to hand yesterday—I find by its contents the confirmation of a report which I was hoping might prove untrue. But, alas, it is confirmed. D. H. GILLETTE,—a name ever dear and sacred to the memory of all who knew him here,—has passed into the eternal world.

"Dear departed brother, could thy sainted spirit descend to earth, and mingle with thy loved ones here, how sweet and interesting would be the precious moments, thus enjoyed. O couldst thou speak and tell of thy present enjoyments, thy rapture and bliss, it might sooth every sorrow and dry every tear? But why indulge these reflections? it is enough for us to remember that

'Once thou wert a mourner here below,
And wet thy couch with tears.'

"Now thou are absent from the body, and present with the Lord—where pains and cares, sickness and languor shall no more afflict thee; though removed from us, thou art removed to a better society, and fairer scenes, though severed for a time from all the better ones of earth, yet dearer ones, and friends better far are thine. Thou art present with the Lord. Consoling thought. It is thine now to

'Sound his praise in strains,
To mortal ears unknown.'

"To enjoy the infinite riches of his boundless love. Fain would we have had thee continue a little longer here! but why continue? What is taken from thy short period of time is added to thy eternity. We saw thee here forming plans for the voyage, but the blessed Pilot took thee almost direct to the desired harbour.

"Thou wast expecting to enjoy a few more days with beloved friends below, but Christ has taken thee to join with nobler friends above.

"Farewell, brother—may it be our happiness ere long to be with thee. We leave thy precious remains, with thy loved infant son by thy side until the resurrection morn—inscribing on thy tomb a memorial of the faithfulness of God.

"Dear brother, it is with peculiar pleasure that I give you such facts as remain in my recollection, concerning the early religious history of your much esteemed and deeply lamented brother. I am glad that you ask for facts only, some interesting and important ones I think I can give you.

"In detailing the following circumstances, I shall be obliged to blend a part of my own ministerial history.

"In the fall of 1831, I was called by the people of Hague to labour with them in the gospel. It was with some difficulty that I could decide whether it was duty to go. There were only four or five Baptists in the place. Not until after several solicitations and making it a subject of prayer, did I resolve to go.

I left Dresden in June, 1832, and began my labours for undying souls in Hague immediately. Little evident success followed until the next September, when a very interesting revival of religion commenced, continuing more than ten months."

It was a powerful display of God's rich and matchless grace:—we hope in charity, that more than sixty were the fruits of the word and the Spirit employed and applied on that occasion—embracing converts from the age of eighty-six years down to twelve.

Among this happy throng we recognised with devout gratitude to Almighty God your brother Daniel, the circumstances of whose conversion were as follow:—

During most of the season past, he had been a constant attendant on worship among us, and evinced seriousness much of the time, his conviction of sin seemed to increase every time he heard a gospel sermon; but these impressions and convictions were not very pungent, until that remarkable evening, to which he refers as the time when he was brought to hope in the pardoning mercy and sanctifying grace of his Lord and Saviour. This was a meeting of deep interest. I appointed it in the neighbourhood where your brother resided; it was well attended—composed principally of young converts and weeping inquirers. After talking about thirty minutes from that interesting passage of Scripture, "Sirs, we would see Jesus," liberty was given for any to express their wishes and feelings. Your brother immediately arose, and spake as follows, as near as my recollection serves me.

"I feel truly awful! I see myself a poor self-condemned, and God-condemned sinner. I know I justly deserve to be banished from his presence and the glory of his power. But, as I have just heard, that in Jesus' arms there is room to *him*, I am resolved to go; if I perish, I will perish at Jesus' feet, breathing out there expressions of penitential sorrow."

He requested prayer to be made on his behalf from all that were in the room; and it seemed to me that if there were any present who had never prayed before, that they would pray now;—and I believe I was not mistaken, the whole house appeared to be filled with the breath of prayer, and the penitent groaning out for pardon. Saints were wrestling with God for their deliverance. Three professed to have found mercy in God's sight that evening, and your brother Daniel was the first that manifested it. He did so by saying, "I feel that the burden of my guilt is gone, that my sins are pardoned, that God is my father, death my friend, and heaven my home."

A holy calmness seemed to come and rest upon his soul, like to what David felt, when he said "Thou wast angry with me, O Lord; but thine anger is turned away from me, and thou comfortest me."

None knowing Daniel, questioned the genuineness of his change, for from this time, as long as he remained in the vicinity, he evinced an evident desire to glorify God—he truly walked in the strait and narrow way of holy obedience. He was evidently possessed of that principle, which is ever found in the subjects of divine grace. His language

was, "O taste and see, that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in him."

His warning voice was heard in the conference room, his prayers and praises going up from the prayer circle—his daily walk and conversation gave the clearest proof, that he was honest in the sacred cause. He was very anxious to know his whole duty, and ever showed a disposition to do it.

I well recollect his coming to me, and desiring that I would give him some instruction on the subject of Christian baptism and communion. I inquired, if he could not satisfy himself on these doctrines from the word of God. He said he supposed it was there, but I could explain to him more fully than it was therein expressed. I remarked, that it was not in the power of mortals to make it more plain and easy to be understood than it was in the volume of Divine inspiration. He then left me, and I heard no more of the matter until after two weeks, when he came to our church meeting; and by permission, at his own request, gave an account of his religious experience and views of gospel doctrines and duties so far as he understood them; at the same time desiring to unite with the church. The church, after due deliberation and prayer, being unanimous in expressing their satisfaction, resolved to comply with his request, and after he should be baptized receive him as a member for whom Christ died.

Soon after this *I*, though most unworthy, had the unspeakable privilege of leading this willing candidate, down into the silver waters of the "Lake Ho-

RICON," where, on the profession of his faith, and in obedience to the command of the great Head of the church, Jesus Christ, I baptized him "into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

The season was delightful, and the baptismal scene a solemn one—producing impressions on many hearts which time can never erase. The strength and increasing confidence which he obtained by professing obedience to God in his ordinances, was surprising, and frequently he remarked—"I have greatly received of the Lord's mercy, and am anxious to put it to the best of use." The cause of the blessed Redeemer, and the condition of perishing souls, were the principal objects that courted and won the affections of his heart.

A few weeks after his baptism he freely divulged to me some of the impressions his mind had received in relation to his future course of life, saying, that he felt willing to do any thing whereby he could glorify God and serve his generation. He thought it would be one of the greatest privileges he could enjoy on earth, to be fitted for, and engaged in preaching to his fellow sinners that gospel which had been made to his own soul the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation.

From his remarks to me, the evident and constant improvement of his talents, I was convinced that his Divine Master was about to make him a chosen vessel, by putting him into the ministry. The church formally requested him to lead many of their meetings, and so employ his rare gifts for their edification, and his own improvement.

They requested him finally to explain some portion of scripture, which he might select: he seemed willing to be the servant of the church, though it was with much diffidence that he complied with their request. But in his first effort of the kind he far exceeded our expectation. He read these words:

"God is Love."

I wish I could give you a specimen of this his first formal public address. You must know, my brother, that a heart overflowing with the love of God, must be prepared in some degree to expatiate on that love. From this time, by advice of the church, he held meetings in school-houses and private dwellings, at the request of people in destitute neighbourhoods—to the evident satisfaction of his auditors, and the gradual increase of his own understanding and practice in doctrines pertaining to that great work for which he afterwards became so eminently qualified.

Soon he left his residence in Dresden and came and spent the winter in my family, and attended school. His mind was evidently as much upon his Bible as upon his mathematics and other studies. His great aim seemed to be to discipline his mind and heart with the rich truths of God's word and useful learning. Had the advantages been suitable in our school, it would have been a great favour to have retained him in our family. I can truly assure you that he was a peculiar favourite with us all. I knew however, that his own improvement and the cause of truth, required other and superior opportunities for study than our region afforded. Having been con-

fined to an obscure neighbourhood on the lake shore, where schools at the best were poor, and only continued during winter, I felt it my duty to advise him to make an effort to obtain a good thorough education. Knowing that he had three brothers already in the ministry, one especially in the town of Elmira, who had much experience in the cause, and a man of respectable education, able to counsel and instruct him, I advised him to visit that brother, and about this time his relatives informed him that it was his brother's request that he should come and live with him.

"In a few days more he took leave and parted from us, all of whose hearts were bound to him by the chords of strongest love.

"Ah! little did we think that this separation would be for time. How true it is, that there is no place of permanence or security from disease and death here.

'Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb.'

"I have received his sermon printed, which I value as one of my choicest treasures. Yours in the bonds of the gospel,

JOHN BARKER,
Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Warren Co., N.Y."

Of the foregoing scenes Daniel briefly speaks in the next letter—and informs us that his mind was quite decided as to future duty. We think there is a sincerity and simplicity in his first epistles, entitling them to a place in these pages.

"Dresden, March, 1833.

"BELOVED BROTHER ABRAHAM,

"When you present yourself in prayer, remember

your unworthy brother, who now informs you of his health and other mercies.

"I have some privileges in common with good people at large. I enjoy secret devotion, I ask the Lord for grace, pardon, and sanctification.

"Jehovah is spreading his empire in these parts, his heritage is growing greatly, the Spirit revives us. I trust that not long since God for Christ's sake pardoned my sins. Yes, he has been mindful of me in his mercy, and now I extol him as mine above all others. I hope to be directed by that power which kills all sin. I feel it my duty to try and get ready to publish the gospel. This impression finds increasing place in my bosom. I believe it is forced to my heart by the power of God. I realize in some degree the worth of souls: this increases my impressions of duty—my salvation cost no less than the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God: 'knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men.' Enlisted for Christ's cause, may I study and pray, and watch and be sober.

"I intend to leave here next spring. Mr. Taft, who has been my father for several years, is willing, and promises to help me. It will be affecting for me to leave this people, and place of my residence. Pray for me that I may have a parting blessing from the Fountain of all holiness. I have no righteousness that I would dare to mention in commending myself to God.

"Last Lord's day I attended a meeting in this town. Rev. John Barker preached from Matt. xii, 21:

'And in his name shall the Gentiles trust.' I trust none other.

'None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.'

"I am but a youth, but youth is the time to serve the Lord. If I live to be old, all along life's way may the prayers of God's people ascend for me, that I may be useful in getting glory to his name, by being instrumental in the salvation of sinners. And now,

'May I govern my passions with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as life passes away.'

"I leave you in the hand of the Lord,—may he prosper you for ever. This from your brother,

D. H. GILLETTE."

CHAPTER III.

VISITS CAMBRIDGE, SCHENECTADA, AND ELMIRA.

From the foregoing it is evident that Daniel's quick perceptions had acquired all that the schools in this region could impart. Religion, also, had given additional elasticity to his mind; his heart thirsted for more of that knowledge which is desirable, useful, and good. He felt the love of Christ constraining him; he read of millions perishing for lack of knowledge, for lack of Heaven's bread. But how to leave that sister who had been all a mother could desire her to be; how to leave that sweet little niece, and all that was here associated in his early feelings. Chords bound him to his wild home, and none can wonder that his

fond young heart lingered; blame we him? the true, the sincere, the good, the lovely I am sure will not. One desperate struggle with nature's first and holiest impulses, and he leaped all these barriers—his spirit, freed by the gospel of Christ, sought greater qualifications for doing his Master's work. Feeling, 'wo is me if I preach not the gospel,' he delayed not to begin the desired preparation, in gaining mental and moral equipment, for that warfare of mind with mind and heart with heart, which is waged in order that we may gain some. We next hear from him in

"Cambridge, Washington Co., N.Y., May, 1833.

"RESPECTED BROTHER,

"I am yet in the world. I left Dresden one week since, and am now at our sisters Eunice and Abigail's. —All are well. I expended all the money I had when I left Dresden, two dollars, in getting myself and trunk to this place. If I could I would come and see you. I have decent clothing, but no money. I am now left to provide for myself—may the Lord help me. I should like to go to Philander's at Elmira, but I must work two or three months, and get something to assist myself with. I feel greatly impressed, that it is my duty to attend school—but poverty forbids now.

"Write soon. If I see you not before, when I get funds enough to carry me, I shall call and see you on my way to brother.

D. H. GILLETTE."

Jehovah often prepares our way before us, by means not always such as make it the smoothest and fairest to us in life, but evidently in a manner best adapted

to our good. As we have shown, our brother's chief regret at leaving Lake Horicon's shores, was, that he left there his ever beloved sister. God soon took that attraction to himself. By death was this main bond severed. May we not hope that their reunion in glory was as rapturous, as their parting on earth was painful?

Of this melancholy occurrence, so regarded indeed by all who knew this lovely woman, he speaks:

"Cambridge, August, 1833.

"DEAR BROTHER ABRAHAM,

"I was calculating to see you here to-day, but am disappointed. I have sad news to send you. I relate it with a mournful heart. Sister Emeline was taken ill the fifteenth of July, and agreeably to the will of God she resigned her breath on the twentieth —she is now gone—gone to try the realities of eternity. God has taken but his own.

"I visited the place she has left. The twenty-seventh was a time of mourning, my best friend upon earth is now gone to return here no more. We may have great comfort in the death of sister: I believe she has gone to heaven, to live for ever with her Maker and Lord. Brother, may this be an awakening event to us. Mourn with me. We have lost a good sister,—a kind friend. Come and see me soon. I am almost worn out with hard work. When my time is out in harvesting, I shall go somewhere to school. Yours, affectionately,

D. H. GILLETTE."

Daniel having visited his friends in his native region, worked through the busy time of harvest, and

having thereby replenished his empty purse with sufficient funds to warrant the undertaking—he bid them all adieu, and turned his face toward the village of Elmira, where his eldest brother Philander resided—being Pastor of the Baptist church, which he had been instrumental in raising in that town. On his way he spent a few weeks in the city of Schenectada, with his brother Abraham, who was Pastor of the Baptist church in that city—and his brother Fidelio, who was a practising physician there. On this memorable visit Daniel with his afflicted relatives was called to witness, instead of joy in social intercourse, the violent illness and lamented decease of his brother, the Doctor. From the enjoyment of perfect health, this rising young physician was cut down, in the midst of hope and usefulness, by a disease which he contracted in self-sacrificing devotion to one of his surviving patients. How true it is,

> "We should suspect some sorrow nigh,
> Where we expect delight."

Concerning Daniel in this his second trial under the bereavement of the affections, after only a few months' Christian experience, an accomplished correspondent, then connected with a large Female Seminary at Schenectada, and now similarly occupied with a larger one in Utica, New York, writes,

"March 14, 1845.

"My Dear Friend,—I have learned that your brother Daniel is no more. How mysterious are the ways of Providence; when those on the walls of Zion are cut down in the midst of usefulness. I well know your deep feeling on this mournful occasion.

He had been the recipient of your care and kindness, in such a manner as to strengthen the chord of brotherly affection. Well do I remember his first visit to Schenectada, and the current of religious feeling manifested both in his ordinary deportment, and his fervency in prayer. Surely you have the consolation of knowing, that he was prepared for a better world, where may Heaven permit us all once more to assemble. Your sympathizing friend,

CYNTHIA SHELDEN."

After this painful separation by death, from a fond and gifted brother,—a brother now with him in glory —Daniel took leave of living friends—not a few of whom had learned really to love him—and journeyed to Elmira, where he became an inmate of the family of his eldest brother.

Here enjoying increased advantages for study in the academy, by diligent attention he gained rapidly in knowledge, and by exhortation and prayer in the meetings which he enjoyed, he grew in gifts and graces —thus more clearly indicating his high and holy designation as a good minister of Jesus Christ. Concerning his situation and employment, he writes:

"Elmira, November 17, 1833.

"DEAR BROTHER ABRAHAM,—My health is good. My acquaintance is limited here as yet, but it increases as fast as I desire. I am well pleased in all respects, and with the young people especially.

"Brother Fidelio attached many in this place to him by his winning and gentle manners, who mourn his early death. The physicians here say, he bid fair

for excellence in the profession—his short career was indeed brilliant and promising.

"I am now studying in a room in brother Philander's house. I want to be prepared to enter the Institution in January next. I have many hours of low spirits when thinking of my temporal estate—but by patience, I await the things which kind Providence may bring forth.

"Br. P. has received a call from Trumansburg church: they want him next spring, but I do not think he will go. The young ladies' institute in brother's house is prospering. Miss Slater is the efficient and successful principal—all join me in affectionate remembrance. Yours truly,

D. H. GILLETTE."

While thus employed in study, he recited to a gentleman of classical education who was engaged in teaching a few select scholars in the place, and he gave lessons occasionally in the Female Seminary, which was taught under his brother's roof. Of the numerous compositions which he prepared, during his academic course, we present the following as a specimen of the direction that piety had given his mind.

"THE SERPENT AND DOVE.

"I have supposed that the three worlds, heaven, earth, and hell, illustrate the distribution of the attributes of cunning and wisdom.

"In heaven, though there is no want of wisdom, still, as there is no occasion to use it as a means of defence, there prevails the simplicity of the dove.

"In hell there is the serpent only; but on earth,

where the partly sanctified live, and must be conversant with total depravity—there must be the serpent and the dove united.

"The serpent is said to be wise, or rather cunning; perhaps it is so said in reference to his temptation of our first parents, in the form of a reptile. Hence that wandering spirit is styled the old serpent. He has been an angel of light, and doubtless carried down to the pit with him that extensive knowledge, which, in the absence of holiness, must render him eminently mischievous. He is the spirit that worketh now in the hearts of the children of disobedience—hence the prominent trait of character in unsanctified men of talent, is cunning, not wisdom: it is the serpent only, not the serpent and dove united."

During his residence with his brother, it was his custom often to lead in the devotions at the family altar, and many of that young female group yet remember with what fervour and simplicity he performed that service.

It became necessary for him to attend to many domestic duties which abound in a country pastor's family, his eldest brother—having a female seminary in his house, and a church several miles distant, besides his village charge, and accustomed to attend all public meetings that were held for many miles around —was necessarily much from home. Daniel joyfully performed his healthful task in preparing the wood for the fires, feeding the domestic animals, and going of necessary errands, and then leaped with joy from his toils, to his room, and his books.

Religion in Daniel assumed its mildest and most

amiable forms. There was apparent, uncomplaining acquiescence in the will of God, and cheerful resignation to his earthly lot. It is probable that with patient submission to the order of Providence, he occasionally mingled warm expressions of desire, and even suffered his ardent imagination to dwell upon the bright visions of better days—and the animating promise of pursuits congenial to the love and inclination of his mind which hope would often give. This was natural: nor is it inconsistent with perfect resignation to the Divine will to dwell on such scenes of promised pleasure and delight.

Combinations of light and shade are beautiful in nature, and often in the history of Christian experience does the sunshine of resignation break in upon the tears of sorrow, and mingle indefinable feelings, which, like the bow of promise, are a pledge of fairer scenery and happier days.

It must be of incalculable advantage to a youth, destined for the work of the ministry, to pass a year or two in the family and study of a faithful and enlightened pastor. In this case Daniel was fortunate —his brother Philander had enjoyed the domiciliated society of one of the best of pastors which modern churches have known, Rev. Joseph Shepherd, A. M., of Salem, New Jersey, and one of the most finished popular preachers of his time, the Rev. Dr. Staughton, of Philadelphia.

Being so entirely at home, Daniel was a daily spectator of his brother's toils and trials—a witness of the varied scenes of duty and devotion which engagedness in the labours of the ministry present.

One week of actual observation will impress more deeply on the mind the substance of lectures on pastoral care, than a month of abstract study alone; indeed it gives to a young candidate what no general analysis or theory can include. The improvement of this early training may have done much, in so rapidly maturing the capacity of our young brother for the high discharge of those sacred functions, for which he was so prematurely eminent.

When he entered the holy office, his pulpit efforts and the habits of his life indicated long experience, rather than juvenile theory; showed indeed a *master's* rather than a *learner's* hand.

A judicious course of reading was marked out for him by his brother, and he had the free use of a good library, with which he closely occupied most of his leisure hours. About this time he writes the following:—

"Elmira, September 29th, 1834.

"DEAR BROTHER ABRAHAM,—My present employment is attending school. No pursuit is so agreeable to me as study. If the Lord prolongs my days—*an education I intend to get.* I pray the Lord to bless my efforts. It will take much time, and close application, but perseverance will conquer all common obstacles.

"I would like to see you, but I do not know that I ever shall. Give my love to all inquiring friends. I remain your unworthy brother,

D. H. GILLETTE."

That in the midst of all his studies and duties religion was dearest to his heart, and the object of his

brightest aims, is evident from the uniform character of his letters and the testimony of those who knew him most intimately. Of this his now departed sister-in-law, Mrs. Harriet Wisner Gillette, has often been heard to speak with all of a sister's love and admiration. It was her privilege to be with him almost every day.

His views of the sacred ministry became more and more consistent, and the impression of its vast importance deepened on his heart. His ardour for entering upon that holy office became tempered, but never checked; he felt its solemn responsibility, and a conscious incapacity for the complete discharge of its multiplied and arduous duties.

Daniel was admitted to free and unreserved conversation with his brother, and the state of his heart and his private walk with God, was the oft repeated theme. Constitutionally he was susceptible of the most delicate impressions and keenest feelings—hence in religion he would most *deeply* feel. Conscience in him, was ever alive and tender, and sometimes his bosom was overwhelmed with apprehensions of guilt, and again, its heavings were the uprising of well springs of spiritual delight. Philander was a very spiritually-minded man, well fitted to counsel and profit his young, inexperienced, enthusiastic brother and pupil.

Daniel frequently relieved his brother, by attending in his place prayer and conference meetings, while this gave Philander a respite from toils always too severe for his frail frame,—it gave our young novitiate an opportunity to improve in that department

of ministerial duty, in which the most skilful are not too nearly perfect. In reading and modestly exhorting from the Holy Scriptures, and in prayer, he evinced an enlargement of mind and heart, a fervency of spirit and propriety of expression truly astonishing.

In the midst of these privileges and exercises, in the society and under the care of his experienced and judicious brother, Daniel evidently grew in spiritual strength, his mind gained confidence,—his principles were more confirmed, and he advanced rapidly in the deep experimental knowledge of the ways and word of God, while yet occupied only in the elementary studies preparatory to his great and solemn work.

He had pleasant and familiar intercourse with his brother, for whom he mingled veneration, with natural and Christian affection, and of whom he never spoke but with the rapturous energy of grateful love. Pursuing duties every way calculated to satisfy his ardent thirst for knowledge,—amid scenes and society congenial—and in anxious preparation for higher studies, and closer toil previous to engaging in that holy office, long the object of his choice, the goal of his efforts—in solemn communion with himself and his God, did he pass the allotted period of his stay at Elmira.

The following letter shows the esteem in which he was held by those who knew him and heard his public services.

"Newmarket, N. J., November 14, 1845.

"Dear Brother,—In the month of July, 1834, brother Daniel paid us a visit, in Friendship, Allegheny County, New York. He was then living in Elmira, and had been teaching. Learning that the church had called him to the improvement of his gift, I invited him to preach for me. He did so, to great acceptance. His youthful appearance and pleasing address soon drew crowds to hear from his lips the gospel of the kingdom. The church in Friendship was, at that time, destitute of a pastor. During his stay with me, they gave him an invitation to labour with them. He objected, on the ground that it was his intention to study. I was called to attend a council, in the town of Independence, thirty miles distant, for the purpose of constituting a church. The country was new and the roads bad, so that we were under the necessity of going on horseback. Six went, and brother Daniel was one of the number. The meeting continued a number of days, during which he preached several times, to the astonishment of all present. Our meeting was one of interest. While on this visit, there were a number of young men connected with my church who took much interest in him,—two of whom accompanied us. When we returned the church had appointed a committee, instructing them to obtain his labours, giving him the privilege of attending an academic school, taught by Rev. Mr. Tuttle. The school was in good repute.

In it a number of pupils were preparing for college. It was five miles from the church, but they agreed to take him to and fro, and give him a reasonable compensation for his services. To this proposal he had quite an inclination to accede, but he requested time to return home and ask the counsel of his friends. They advised him to go to Hamilton.

"He had been preaching in private dwellings and school-houses, but never, until he was with me, had he attempted to preach in a pulpit. It was a visit in which we all took much interest. I had, previous to that time, not seen him since he was nine years old. I looked upon him as a man, a Christian, and a minister of the cross."

Without any other means except a small salary from a district school which he taught near Elmira, and what his brother Abraham had encouraged him to expect out of a limited salary, which he received from a very poor people, whom he served,—Daniel resolved to depart from a home, scenes and friends, so much endeared to his heart, and resort to Hamilton Seminary, and pursue collegiate and theological studies in that justly and far-famed institution.

To this decision he was most decidedly prompted by a timely visit, at his brother's church, of James Edmonds, Esq., the unusually successful agent of the New York Baptist Education Society.

CHAPTER IV.

ENTERS THE INSTITUTION — SELF-SUPPORT — SUPPLIES SHERBURNE CHURCH—ACCEPTS A CALL—GRADUATES.

The memoirs of an individual can be best given by himself; and we find among our brother's papers a memorandum in the following words:—

"I arrived in this town, Hamilton, January 15th, 1835, at 4 o'clock, P. M., and at 8 I appeared before the faculty as a candidate for admission to the school. A relation was demanded of my Christian experience; my call to the great *work of preparation for the ministry*, and my views of its importance, which I freely acceded to, though with much trembling. This exercise over, Professors Haskell and Taylor, the only members of the faculty present, pronounced me a member of the institution. With pleasure, though prospects dull, I entered upon the delighful duties incumbent upon me."

His feelings and circumstances are clearly expressed at this time in the following letter to his brother A., of Schenectada:—

"Hamilton, January 20th, 1835.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"With pleasure I commit my thoughts to paper, for the purpose of giving you some information concerning myself. I have occasion to be thankful I am satisfied; being fully convinced that I have

acted according to duty. O how can we be converted without first being convicted? I had engaged to teach a school for the winter, but I did not commence; I became convinced that it was my duty to acquire an education, and for that purpose I left ELMIRA, and entered as a member of this institution the 15th of January. I came here under some embarrassments.

"I have entered only for this term. If I stand, but I apprehend no danger, I think of taking a full course, which will be eight years; for I wish to acquire a knowledge of the languages.

"In this particular I ask your advice which course I shall pursue, considering my limited means.

"Never have I been more pleasantly situated than I am at present, the hill of science looks high, but I feel determined to climb it with alacrity and delight.

"A scholar, if possible, I wish and mean to be. I have been neither home-sick nor discontented since I came here, and money would not tempt me to leave—My health is good, and I progress in study faster than I expected to, I commenced with a class who were advanced one year, and find no difficulty in going along with them.

"I remain your unworthy brother,

"D. H. GILLETTE."

He writes: "In April commenced a vacation of six weeks, during which time I visited ELMIRA. Time spent in visiting lingered. I was anxious to return to my studies, my anxieties were so great that I found myself here again before the vacation had expired. Having previously pursued nothing

but English branches, I soon commenced the Latin grammar, and shortly took up the Latin reader. I was so much taken with my studies, that the summer swiftly passed away."

About this time he wrote the following:—

"Hamilton, 1835.

"DEAR BROTHER A.,—

"To retire from study for a few moments to think of distant friends causes my mind great relief. The confinement of study, and the perplexing cares of life make me low-spirited.

"When I first came to college, I supposed there would be no danger of laying down our watch, yea, I supposed it to be a Bethel indeed; but I was in error. Temptations are plenty here; snares are all about us; the eyes of the world are upon us, the enemy is watching for a chance to put in his dividing foot, and make discord. But blessed be Him who protects his children, we yet dwell in harmony. Every day I live, I see more plainly the importance of watching unto prayer.

"The school, you know, is on a hill; yes, we are as a city set on a hill, that cannot be hid; but I fear that we are not as lights; though I can only speak for one. Religion is low; but Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. As it respects my mind, I never was more content than at present: I never believed my employment to be of so much importance, and so nearly connected with my eternal interest as I now do. When I think of the great work to which the Lord has called me, I see the importance of being prepared before I am sent; and

if I profess to be a disciple of Christ, why not be willing to submit and be like my Master. He was of like passions as we are, yet learned obedience. I think I am willing to do his will in all things, though I have been so disobedient that I am not worthy to be called one of His followers. . . . . Dear brother, when young I imbibed many habits, which I find to be very disagreeable; but I have made pruning a part of my business, and I hope that I am rid of many that were cumbersome.

"My progress in study is as good as I could expect. I have been here only about four months. I have commenced the study of Latin, and find it not to be so difficult as I feared. There has been a change of classes in the school, and the lowest Latin class is about fifteen months in advance, and will enter college one year from next October. Professors tell me, that by intense application I can overtake the class in about three months, which would prepare me for freshman.

"I would like to see you: should we live, I shall try and visit you in two or three years.

"I request an interest in your prayers. I remain your unworthy brother.

"D. H. GILLETTE."

MEMORANDUM.

"The vacation I spent in study, closely confined to my room. Next term I took Cæsar's Commentaries and Greek lessons. This was a higher preparatory class. The next spring vacation commenced. I went to Washington county, to visit my mother and sisters,—it being about one hundred and fifty miles.

I went on foot, and had a hard, tedious time of it, though a very pleasant visit.

LETTER.

"DEAR BROTHER A.,—

"By this time you will begin to think that I love to write; when mind is brought to work with mind, and to participate in its joys, there is satisfaction of a superior nature, though I confess that little of the like is afforded me, by sympathy;—but I censure you not for delay, for the time since I last wrote is only six weeks. I am fully aware that your desire for my prosperity and success is of no ordinary character, for every symptom or development of the kind speaks loudly in its favour, and as a brother, I greatly revere you; as one in whose affections I trust I have a place of no small value, and as a worthy counsellor, a kind friend, I rely upon you with implicit confidence.

"Being situated as I am, I find it necessary to have one confident friend in whom I can repose the same as if he were a guardian. You may smile that I wish you for a guardian, since I have arrived to the freedom of years; but had I one who was faithful, and approbated my course of study—it would cause me less trouble of mind. My task at present is great. I attend two recitations each day in the languages, and one in mathematics, and pay my board with the labour of my hands, which consumes three hours each day, yet nothing discourages me except that I cannot learn fast enough, and I know not the cause, only that I have a small portion of brain, and a thick head, or that the bumps of intellect are not sufficient-

ly developed to speed my course. I heard from mother about four weeks since; one of the students called to see her. She and Father Wheldon were well. Uncle James Dunham buried his wife in September. O, that I may be prepared to meet my God.

"Your brother, D. H. GILLETTE."

MEMORANDUM.

"I returned in due time, and again commenced my labour: read Virgil—Greek reader, spent the summer thus. In August came commencement with all its bustle and hurry—drawing upon the hill of science multitudes from the four winds, to witness the performance upon the grand drama. All passed off joyfully. I immediately left, and went to Troy, Pa., as I had agreed to supply a Baptist church there, during vacation—I laboured with pleasure, and I hope profit. When the appointed season had fled, as upon the wings of time I again returned. School commenced—I entered freshmen class—and took up the study of algebra and Xenophon, in Greek. In the spring, I visited the people of Elmira and my brother Philander.

"I am connected with the church in that place: I was glad to see my friends, and make them a visit, but I was more anxious to return to my studies.

"At the time appointed I was here again, occupied with geometry, mathematics; Horace and Homer: thus in the pursuit of my studies, passed away the summer of 1837—the other having already gone, never to be recalled. And in August, commencement again held out its attractive novelties, both to the rustic and the refined, and not altogether in vain.

Multitudes attended, and the stage was occupied much to the honour of the school, learning, and our holy religion.

"The vacation, being eight weeks, I spent preaching to a small church in Sherburne village—eleven miles from Hamilton. It was a very agreeable and profitable season to my soul.

The next term commenced in October. I entered upon Day's second course of mathematics—Hebrew commenced. There have rolled into eternity nearly three years since I came within these walls, which are consecrated to God.

"Uninterrupted health has been my fortune. Providence has smiled on every hand—yet in reviewing the past, I see that I have made such slow progress in holy attainment, that it gives me much occasion for humiliation. My heart seems as cold as the November winds. May the Lord pardon all I have done amiss, and the rich influence of his Spirit, lead me into all truth; also by cleansing me from all sin, prepare me to be a competent ambassador of Christ, in some vacant portion of the world, where I may point dying souls to Jesus. This grant, O Lord, for thy name's sake. Amen."

The following is an account he gives of a meeting he attended.

"Hamilton, January 16, 1838.

"I have just returned from attending a series of meetings, holden in the Baptist church in Brookfield, twelve miles from this place, the Rev. Mr. Turner, pastor; it commenced new year's day, and continued until the fourteenth. It was a season of joy

to some, and of grief to others. It was not signalized by such wonderful displays of divine power, as many are, yet it evidently proved a blessing to Zion, and to my poor soul. The church was greatly revived, some backsliders were reclaimed, and many searched out, who had long cherished a hope of pardon through a Saviour's love, and were enabled to take a bold stand in defence of the gospel. A few of the careless and thoughtless were arrested by the power of truth, while it pleased our heavenly Father, to make bare his potent arm—unsheath the sword of the Spirit, and by his own goodness and mercy to separate between their souls and their sins.

"Nineteen have trod the yielding wave, in imitation of the example furnished by the Lord Jesus, from heaven; others are desiring to walk the same road. It was a season in which my soul delighted. At times, I could view most evidently the Saviour's presence, and could obtain some foretaste of the blessings in reserve for the righteous; but at other times, the most gloomy darkness seemed to break over my mind, and totally obscure the majesty of a Saviour's character and love. Yet I believe I made some holy attainments; I have learned the necessity of living daily more intimately with my Bible, and to strive for closer communion with my God.

"O Lord, help me from this time forth to glorify thee more perfectly, and to feel more deeply the worth of souls. Then shall I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee. Help me to obey thy commandments, for Christ's sake. Amen."

His account of a work of grace in the church in Hamilton village, follows:—

"Hamilton Seminary, January 28, 1838.

"It is now Sabbath afternoon. I have just returned from one of the most interesting scenes that I ever witnessed. Nothing more forcibly reminded me of my past experience and my present duty. It led me back in mind to the memorable day when I followed the Lamb into the watery tomb; a blessed time to me, that my soul knows right well. But, O the guilt I feel creeping over my conscience, when I perceive how little to the glory of God, the time between that period and the present has been spent; since then I have tried to preach the gospel many times; but I fear my example has paralyzed the power of truth—God knows I am determined to live more to his honour.

"There is a meeting here in progress, which commenced four weeks since; a large number of souls have been converted to God. Several have to-day been planted in the likeness of Christ's death, and raised again in the likeness of his resurrection.

"May the Lord continue the good work, until the valleys shall echo his praises, and all the impenitent be brought to a knowledge of the truth. This, Lord, grant for the sake of thine own glory. Amen."

His means of support being very limited, he spent the vacation in preaching to destitute churches, in order to be enabled to assist himself in the pursuit of his studies; and having preached to the church in Sherburne village during the last vacation, much to their satisfaction, they gave him a call to continue

his labours with them. He pursued his studies in the institution, and at the close of the week would walk to Sherburne, a distance of eleven miles, preach twice, and sometimes thrice on Sunday, and on Monday morning return again. Occasionally some of his brethren would take him part way back, but he mostly walked the whole distance.

In reference to this labour, he writes as follows:

"Hamilton, July 16, 1839.

"Last April I accepted a call from the church in Sherburne village. I commenced preaching for them on the twenty-third. Oh! what need of more piety. My heart seems barren and cold. From that time up to the present, the Lord has seemed to smile upon the little church. Five happy souls have professed faith, by following the Saviour in baptism, and twelve have united with us by letter.

"To-day I was called to preach a funeral sermon on a very solemn occasion. A young lad, on Sabbath afternoon, while bathing in the water, drowned. O! it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. My text was from Matthew v. 8, '*Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.*' I tried to tell the people what purity of heart was, and enforced it by urging upon parents the necessity of training up their children in the ways of God—also upon the young people, that they might prepare to meet their God. I then addressed an interesting group of lads, upon the necessity of striving to love God, obey their parents, and keep the Sabbath holy.

"Mr. Delevan, Presbyterian minister, closed by an

appropriate prayer. The season was interesting; I felt that death and judgment were near. I trust that the occasion will be blessed to all who were present. God was there. Yes, he showed, by the stroke of death, that he was a God at hand, and not afar off.

"O thou whose throne is in the heavens, grant this night, that I, thy servant, may possess more of the spirit of Christianity, the spirit of Christ. O, that I may live with death constantly in view. So help me 'to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom.'"

The following extracts exhibit him as a student and a minister.

"Sherburne, August 20, 1833.

"DEAR BROTHER A.—Yours came on Saturday evening, be assured that it was to my mind as gentle zephyrs to the fog which so often obscures the rising splendour of the morning sun.

"I was at that time lingering between hope and despair, doubting whether my friends had any regard for me above an ordinary acquaintance, but these thoughts quickly disappeared, and a gleam of hope, mingled with transcendent joy, beamed on my mind, while I read your message, and from it gained the satisfactory evidence that your solicitude for my welfare was not in the least abated.

"I am now with the church in Sherburne, and have engaged to preach for them on the Sabbaths, for one year. Last Wednesday was the anniversary of the institution; it was an interesting one too: happy would I have been to have seen you there.

I shall expect you when I graduate, if Providence allows me to do so. I am now in junior year. The present vacation I shall spend here; my situation is indeed pleasant; the church is small, but happily progressive: located in one of our beautiful western villages; with a commodious house for worship. The congregation is good; it has grown much during the summer; twenty have been added to the church: all is encouraging. They seem much inclined to promote me. I appear to be by them much esteemed. I hope not to do any thing to destroy this respect, but rather to increase it, that God may be glorified. I find that preaching constantly and also prosecuting my studies do not very well agree. I cannot make that proficiency in the sciences and polite literature, that I would, did I not preach: but *necessity drives me* to this course.

"Oh how I do want to see you; the wife and children also. Give them my kind respects. Your affectionate brother. D. H. GILLETTE."

"Sherburne, Nov. 5th, 1838.

"Since the last date, the Lord has continued to bestow the riches of his goodness. My health has been good, and most of the time I have enjoyed peace of mind. But, Oh! my leanness. I have concluded not to return to the institution this fall, but to remain with my little church, and prosecute my studies. I enjoy great privileges. I am furnished with all free of expense. I wish to enjoy more religion, and be able to illustrate its great truths by my example, better and more vividly. O Lord, take not thy Holy Spirit from me. "As the hart panteth

after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!" Lead me, O Lord! into wisdom's ways: they are ways of pleasantness, and her paths peace. Do thou, O Lord, pardon all my sins, and forgive all my transgressions; lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil, for thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory for ever. AMEN.'"

"Sherburne, Dec. 23, 1838.

"Sunday evening. O time, whence art thou fled? Another year has nearly passed, the fierce storms and the howling winds of this wintry month tell loudly that cold and icy January is near. Another year of my life has passed, and may I with any encouragement ask, Am I better now than I was one year ago? Have I also within the last twelve months done any good in the church, and have any souls been saved through my instrumentality? Solemn inquiry;—O Lord, help me to examine my heart, my hope, and my faith. Do I love thee? "*O Lord, thou knowest that I love thee!*"

"I tried to preach to-day from the tenth verse of the fifty-first Psalm, from which I tried to remind the church of what their emotions once were, contrasting them with the present state of things. I inferred that there was a departure from the faith, and if a departure, hence a necessity of returning, consequently the prayer in the text was ours, and in conclusion I offered a few remarks on the result. I sincerely felt its force; O that it might rest upon my heart with greater weight!

"I am boarding with Joseph Smith, my health is quite good. I am able to study much, but how cold

my heart is! O that it might be warmed with heavenly zeal and divine love.

"O Lord! I thank thee for all thy past mercies; on thee I am wholly dependent. Of this may I be constantly sensible, and always possess an humble and contrite heart! O Lord! forgive all my sins: save me with an everlasting salvation, through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN."

About this time we find, in a letter to his brother A., his situation described; and his feelings expressed as follows:—

"The present season has been different to me from any other since I began to study. I commenced the fall term with health and good spirits, and found myself able to progress with great ease and speed. I nearly thought myself a new creature. My exertions were vigorous, and had I met with no impediment, I should have graduated in the spring; but, my dear brother, I have learned how frail a thing is man. I was seized with illness, which came very near producing an entire prostration. I found friends, however, who extensively manifested the law of kindness, and developed principles of benevolence, by lending me their sympathies. Every requisite favour was freely bestowed, and soon I found myself recovering. At present I enjoy a tolerable degree of health, but I am unable to study with as much vigour as before. I find no special difficulty, however, in keeping up with my class. My disease was principally in the head, a heavy pressure, and great distress over the eyes, from which pain was diffused through the whole system. I am not yet

entirely free from it, and fear I never shall be, for application of mind brings it on. I hope, however, by care I may overcome it. It was first occasioned by hard study. In order to preach twice a week, and continue with my class, required extra effort; it was too much, however. I yet continue it, and Providence allowing, shall through the winter, for it is necessary. I have been inclined to leave in the spring, and enter entirely into the ministry; but I do desire to complete my college course. I am now in junior year—good propositions and encouragements have been placed before me, yet I shall wade through, if possible, and try to be a MAN."

D. H. GILLETTE."

January 31st, 1839.

"I am boarding with J. H. Parmely. I ought now to be able to write differently from the last. But, Lord, thou knowest that I cannot speak falsely. The weather is cold and stormy, and my heart has sympathized with it. Lord, beneath the wings of thy love, January is as pleasant as June, but elsewhere the bleak winds of winter blow, and the cold chilling storms beat with unrestrained fury.

"My employment is the most delightful, preparing to point dying sinners to Jesus. But without faith, living and lively faith, it is irksome, because conscience writhes at the thought, and the heart at once sickens: yet I have hope. I am not willing to forsake my Saviour while life and being last. "*He that endureth unto the end, the same shall be saved.*" I desire more of the divine presence; O for a holy unction! Without prayer the spiritual

man faints. O Lord! admit me to holy communion with thee; I desire that my life may be like a gentle flowing stream, enriching and fertilizing the plain. O Lord! make me more humble, that I may be more useful. Pardon all my sins, do thou, for I have done wickedly: lead me into all truth; be thou with me, and when mortality shall crumble to earth, save my soul."

"Sherburne, March 27th, 1839.

"The Lord has in great kindness preserved me until the present date. O that I might record wonders accomplished by me, as an agent of the Divine will; but alas! a death-like stupor seems to have cast a chilling wand over my mind, and bound my feelings as with chains of frost! Why am I so insensible to the worth of souls? Much of the time I have possessed strong desires for the prosperity of Zion. But my mind has not dwelt with sufficient intenseness on the worth of souls or the salvation of those about me. My service with this church is nearly closed: truly I can say, 'The Lord hath done great things for me, whereof I am glad.'

"Yesterday I removed from J. H. Parmely's to Deacon Vanwagner's. My present home, as was the former, is pleasant. O that I may exert a hallowed influence, causing many hearts to rejoice, in hopes of a blessed immortality. Lord, to thy hands I resign myself. As a shepherd defendeth his flock, so keep me from the evils that are in the world, and lead me in the way everlasting. May my days, whether few or many, be numbered in thy service, and when the knell of dissolving nature shall call me hence, take my spirit into thy presence. AMEN."

In April, vacation commenced. He visited his brother Walter, pastor of the seventh day Baptist church, in Piscataway, N. J. For about six months his brother W. had been supplying the Baptist church in Rahway upon the first day of the week, and he, wishing to be released from preaching two days in succession and travelling the distance of eleven miles, recommended Daniel, his young brother, as worthy of their regard. After hearing him preach twice, they unanimously invited him to spend with them the vacation, which would be six weeks. His shining talents, his ardent zeal, and his familiar and pleasing address, attracted crowds, who assembled to hear from his lips the words of the kingdom. In a few weeks a strong attachment was formed between him and the church. They became satisfied that it was their duty to secure him, if possible, as their pastor. Before the time expired for which he was engaged, a meeting of the church and congregation was held: the result was, a call for him to settle with them as pastor, securing to him a salary sufficient for his support; and the privilege of returning to the institution to close his studies and graduate, which would require about two months.

Concerning his supplying the church in Rahway, we find the following record. It also shows his cordial reception there.

"Rahway, April 20th, 1840.

"Dear Brother,

"I received yours by cousin James Ayers, and was glad to hear that you are all well and happy. I am quite pleasantly situated, and receive all the

attention from the people that I can wish. The audience is large; yesterday was my second Sabbath here, and the congregation was overwhelming. In the evening I preached for the methodists, and some told me that their chapel was never so full before. They filled every seat, sat and stood in the aisles, and climbed on the pulpit. I tried to preach to them Jesus from the words, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.' Walter was highly esteemed here, the people thronged to hear him whenever he preached. I am on some accounts much delighted: the field is large, great opportunity for usefulness, and every where I meet with a cordial reception; the church manifest great love and attachment, and in their feelings have settled me. I have made engagements only till the first of June, but they are making arrangements for me to return in August, and become their *pastor*. The responsibility will be great, for the church is small in numbers and much in debt, so that they cannot give me a large salary. I suppose, however, that they will give me at least four hundred and fifty dollars, which would support me single, and such I intend to remain.

"I shall come to no definite conclusion until I see you, then we will talk over matters and things. When you go to N. Y., come directly here and spend the night with me, and I will go on with you. I have good boarding but a few rods from the Mansion House.

"Tell mother that I want to see her very much, your little wife, *my sister*, also, I must see before I return. Come, brother, I have a story to tell you,

long as the moral law. I cannot write it, so if you wish to know it, come and see me. My love to all. Your brother."

EXTRACTS.

"The winter, thus far, has been one of the most delightful I ever witnessed: but little snow has fallen. The weather has been remarkably fine. Storms have seemed to be locked up in a prison, and not permitted to shoot their destructive arrows over the land, leaving behind that dreadful aspect consequent upon such occasions. The raging winds have remained hushed, while the sky has appeared like one vast curtain set with the richest gems, all adding beauty to elegance, sufficient to swell the heart of a poet to a degree that it should pour forth the richest effusion. We arise at half-past four in the morning, and at the usual time I am permitted to greet the king of day with feelings of no ordinary character. What is better calculated to lead the Christian's heart to God in purest gratitude, or more forcibly remind him of the beauty of the heavenly world, than to gaze upon the sun in a cloudless morn, while he looks with proud majesty from behind the eastern hills? With a golden embrace he at once encircles all nature, inspiring and animating it with real life. The little rill tumbling down the lone mountain-side shouts in his brilliancy, the gentle river laughs beneath the brightness of his morning splendour, while the raging sea embraces him as a friend and brother. . . . . My industry is my fortune, my chief dependence for support, and, that I may go on with

my studies, time must be improved to good advantage. . . . . My manner of labour has been, first, to select a subject appropriate to the people and the occasion, one that is rich with good ideas. Second, to arrange those ideas in the most natural and lucid style possible; mature them in thought, then write my sermons complete in the best composition of which I am master; next, commit them to memory, so that I can preach without notes; then to possess myself with confidence and personal command, and, in delivering, strive to call the mind of the audience to the importance of the subject. In this way, I am happy to say, I have not failed of success, and, while preaching for the church, the assemblies were constantly increasing. . . . . .

"I never had my time more completely occupied than during the present term: as a class, our labours are arduous. Being the last year of our course, our teachers seem determined to measure us, and to know how much we are able to accomplish; but I complain not, for as yet I have been enabled to do all that was assigned me, with satisfaction to my teachers and with tolerable credit to myself. My studies are Hebrew, Greek, and the sciences, and a greater portion to each lesson than is generally allotted in the colleges, as acknowledged by those who instruct us. In connexion with these, it has been my duty to prepare and deliver an oration before the institution this winter, besides essays and other duties of minor importance; moreover, I preach regularly, two Sabbaths every month. Now all these labours, as you know, together with a little

negligence, have caused me to defer answering you until the present. Now please forgive my past negligence, and make all due allowances. The weather is extremely cold; yesterday morning the thermometer ranged at thirty-five degrees below zero. Oh how I quaked; I almost tremble now thinking of it. Sleighing is excellent—snow nearly two feet deep, but I, poor boy, am housed up, and can take no pleasure in it. Yet I do not mourn, for it is much greater pleasure to regale myself with a classic breeze than the chilling blasts of the north. The institution never was more flourishing, the number of students never larger, and never, perhaps, more respectable: some compliment to me, you see, and not a little to yourself, that you have a brother here. . . . . It may be necessary, as you style yourself a critic, to make a few notes in reference to my penmanship and style of composition. Now, as it regards the former, I think, if you censure me, you take liberty without occasion; for you know, as to brothers and sisters, in reference to elegance with the pen, the talent never prevailed, so from this I free myself with the greatest ease.

"As to the latter, I stand on self-possessed ground, although, in this respect, may be seen a spirit similar to the old family complaint. You know that a flock of pigeons may be gathering the scattered grains on the harvest-field, and present a most beautiful spectacle of harmony, yet the snap of a gun, a hiss with the mouth, or a rustling in the grass, will instantly throw them into confusion. Thus it is with my ideas—nature gave me the stock and situ-

ated them, but the buzzing of the rattle-snake, the crying of the eagle, the howling of the wolf, and the wild inhabitants of black mountain, on the shores of Lake Horicon, disorganized the whole, so that all you get from me, although a student, are but fragments. . . . . The many difficulties and peculiar straits we are obliged to pass, furnish one prominent evidence in favour of the fact that we are finite; and nothing more forcibly teaches us our dependence. On the history of the last three years of my life, I am able to look with feelings of no ordinary character, commencing with the time when I first entered the institution for the purpose of acquiring a liberal education, to aid me in the gospel ministry. You well know my means for defraying expenses were limited, and had it not been for the glory of God, I should never have undertaken such a task. That I would accomplish the object seemed impossible, yet I had a determination, the Lord willing, to see the topmost stone of the temple. I entered with the expectation of staying four years, supposing, by that time, I should be so old that I should not be able to do much good. After one year, I discovered that, at the end of four years, the way would just be opened through which I might enter the field, fraught with all the privileges requisite for the station I hope to occupy. Consequently, with pleasure I added two more years, one half of which time has now expired. Age, debt, and toil, are the least things that trouble me. I am intent on completing my course, if circumstances permit. I have dark seas to navigate, and some tre-

mendous storms to face: yet the Lord is kind and 'doth all things well.' . . . .

"Last Friday, twelve o'clock at night found me again ascending the rugged steep on which stands and towers amid clouds, basks in the sun-beams, and delights the stranger who passes; the memorable school whence go those who herald the pure gospel of the kingdom. It seemed like returning home and reviewing the scenes of my childhood. Every stone against which my feet chanced to come, seemed to be aware of my return. The stars looked clearer. I read in their bright twinkling a hearty welcome. The rustling leaves, the gentle zephyr, and the dewy atmosphere appeared to extend their friendly arms to give me a kind reception, as though I had returned to those who were waiting with anxious solicitude. When I met those with whom I had so long associated, I found that friendship could kindle at the first sight of the object on which it centred.—Faculty and students were well and the institution flourishing. . . . . .

"Last Wednesday was our commencement. The faculty gave me the third honour. As a class, we were highly gratulated: many who had been accustomed to attend, said, that this excelled any previous commencement in interest and literary development. I do not know but the theological boys who are expected to hold forth next August will fear to step on the stage, lest the halo of glory which we left over and around it will eclipse their exhibition. But I know they will make a good display of theology, and try to astound and astonish us by giving a clear

revelation of some wonderful mystery, known and comprehended only by the Infinite mind. I presume, seriously, that their commencement will be an interesting and profitable season. I return to Rahway in July, if the Lord will."

"Hamilton, June 17, 1840.

"My Friend and Sister, Mrs. Ely,—

"I gladly comply with the request to write to you. Since I have learned how to value friendly intercourse, nothing affords me greater pleasure than to exchange thoughts with those absent, whom I regard. It seems that this alone would prove the immortality of the soul. A thought from a distant friend often chases clouds from the mind, and causes the bright star of hope to beam with new and increased lustre, giving reanimation and intensity to feelings which, but a moment previous, were going down with the current of despondency. Not only does it prove immortality, but that susceptibility of high social and moral culture which our infinitely wise Creator has imparted for that blessed and sanctified society where the resplendent beams of the Sun of Righteousness are never intercepted, and unalloyed bliss pervades every bosom of the myriads who are 'kings and priests unto God,' ransomed by the blood of the Lamb. Before leaving you I felt an attachment for the church in Rahway; this, of course, ought to be, else I could do them no good. But, since I am conscious of it, I am very anxious to return. It seems that souls are there committed to my care. They are the burden of my heart. Had I not begun to study the German language, I

would see you within two weeks; but, as it is, I cannot until July.

"My return from your place to Hamilton was pleasant and rapid. Wednesday, I went to New York, and there remained until Thursday, five o'clock, P. M., when I took boat, and, on Friday morning, at five o'clock, I found myself in Albany, and from thence I took the cars to Utica, and at three, reached that beautiful place. I then took the stage for Hamilton, and, about twelve o'clock at night, I discerned the beautiful hill on which stands our seminary. Every thing seemed natural and promised much interest, but I was wearied excessively.

"The next Wednesday occurred our commencement; a day of no small interest. The sky was clear, the atmosphere bland, the assembly large, attention good, and the speakers acquitted themselves honourably. It brought to my mind many things which should lead me near the throne, for now having completed my course of study, I launch out upon the wide world, to sail through life upon its rough surface. . . . . I am well aware that unless I have the Bible for my guide, and the star of Bethlehem for my point of compass, I cannot reach the haven of eternal rest, nor conduct others there. How important then that I be in the right way. Sometimes, I feel so deficient and unworthy the notice of my heavenly Father, that I am ready to despair. But, again, I hear '*Go ye*,' and immediately I feel '*wo is me if I preach not the gospel.*' I am, therefore, resolved to try: may my Lord and Master help me.

"I should be happy if you would do me the kindness to write, on the reception of this, and inform me how affairs are in the church.

"I am, with much affection, yours in the Lord,

D. H. GILLETTE."

MEMORANDUM.

"Rahway, N. J., Aug. 4th, 1840.

"Much time has passed since my last record, and some of it I fear unimproved. May the Lord forgive my sins, correct my errors, and purify my heart from all corruption.

"My last note was made in Sherburne, in the state of New York, where I was labouring on Lord's days, for and with the people of God. Soon after that date my labours with them closed, and I again resumed my studies at Hamilton, which I continued until April, being the time of vacation. I then left and came to the state of New Jersey. I concluded to labour a few weeks, while the vacation should last, with the church in Rahway, about twenty miles from New York city. At the expiration of this time, they gave me a call to become their pastor: I consented, on condition that I might return to the institution, and complete my collegiate course. To this they agreed. I soon left, and on the tenth of June I graduated from the collegiate department of Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution."

In the foregoing chapter we have traced our young disciple through his academic and collegiate course, a period, as all can testify who have passed the same, fraught with more temptations, and exposing

the student to severer trials of his fidelity to Christ, than almost any other in the whole course of an ordinary life. It is due to the institution at Hamilton, and the able and pious faculty there, to say, that nothing which they can do to diminish temptation and encourage their young Christian students, is left undone—and we are confident that no other seminary or college, in point of location or society, possesses fewer incitements to evil, or so many to the exercise of manly virtue, true piety, and laudable ambition.

In this heaven-founded school of the prophets, we unhesitatingly say—for his professors and classmates have authorized it, as did his evident attainments and future course of life—Daniel honoured his profession as a Christian, his relation to his honoured alma mater, his subordination to the able professors at whose feet he profitably and delighted sat, and, what is no small praise, he was an honour and an advantage to his associates in study.

During the last two years at college he taught some, and supplied with preaching and considerable pastoral labour, the church in Sherburne.

He shrank from no work in college which would enable him to meet his frugal expenses, necessarily incurred in making preparation for that great work which to perform well was all his ambition and all his desire.

Many reasons urged him, for a while at least, to repose from the confined and necessary study of the institution. He resolved, therefore, to look over the wide field of usefulness, and, if so called, settle with

some small church, do the duties of pastor, and take the two years' course of reading which was pursued by the theological class at the institution. A course he rigidly followed out, after his settlement, and one which, we fear, added weight to those combined causes of his early disease, and consequent lamented death.

The following oration he delivered in the chapel of the institution, at the close of his senior year.

"TRUE GREATNESS.

"Greatness is the object of man's most fervent aspirations. But there is a wide difference between what the world calls greatness and that taught us by Divine inspiration. Worldly greatness exhibits evident marks of depravity. It looks with a jealous eye on the spotless form of Virtue, and has laboured unceasingly to rid the earth of her glory.

"This principle is of ancient date; it came into existence but a little subsequent to the morn on which creation emerged from chaos, and is nearly coeval with mankind. It spread its blighting influence over Eden, and deceived its inhabitants with the expectation of possessing wisdom equal with God; by which deception they took from their own heads the crown of honour and placed it beneath their rebellious feet. The seeds of depravity were now sown, they struck their roots deep into the soil of human nature, and have flourished in every subsequent age. Their influence nerved the aim of the first murderer and prepared him for the horrid deed, and burning, inexpressible desires to gain entire ascendency steeled his heart against all sympathy.

Envy and revenge instigated him, and he bathed his hands in a brother's blood!

"From the time of this scene, the same spirit with the speed of lightning, pervaded the whole family of man. It has controlled the decisions of the wise, swelled the strains of orators, and fanned the flame of an unholy ambition in the bosom of partisans; it has ascended thrones, swayed the sceptre over empires, and made nations bow in visious subservience to kings. It has entered the field of strife and war, influenced the hero's heart, and inspired him with a brutal daring, that has bid defiance to danger and death. Alexander imbibed this spirit when a child, and often complained lest his father's conquests would leave nothing for him to do. No sooner did he come upon the stage of action than, like a lion coming from the swellings of Jordan, he began his bold march, and anon he had crimsoned the earth with the blood of every nation. Greatness was his object, and now he beheld from an eminence the world lying vanquished at his feet. He sat upon the pinnacle of Fame's proud temple, and bore in his hand the palm of victory: yet, in despairing anguish, he wept, because he could not grasp another. He began a virtuous youth, but he died a dissipated and an abandoned wretch; because he sought not true greatness, and acted as if he were independent of its source. All who seek it thus,

> 'Seek mellow grapes beneath the icy pole,
> Seek blooming roses on the cheek of death,
> Seek substance in a world of fleeting shadows.'

"Herod sought greatness in the abject adorations of the subjects of his government, and though all

proclaimed that he was no man, but a god, yet his glory faded, and he was slain by the greedy worms, for the wrath of Heaven was against him. Satan, the proud angel, sought greatness, and would have destroyed Jehovah, and ruled over all the universe himself. But, with irresistible force, he was arrested and hurled into the blackness of darkness for ever.

"This spirit of unholy ambition, however, is not confined to the soldier or to the politician, nor to those who move in the secular walks of life. It has planted its standard behind the sacred desk, and in robes of holy and well-ordered devotion it has eloquently preached the glorious gospel of the blessed God at home and to people of other lands, professing no motives but to do good to men and benefit the world. A desire for vain superiority and ephemeral distinction has entered within college walls, and almost against his will, has dragged

'The stagnant, dull, predestinated fool
Through learning's halls, and made him labour much
Abortively; though sometimes not mispraised,
He left the sage's chair, and home returned,
Making his simple mother think that she
Had borne a man.'

'The man of science to the shade retired,
And laid his head upon his hand, in mood
Of awful thoughtfulness, and dived and dived
Again; deeper and deeper still, to sound
The cause remote, resolved, before he died,
To make some grand discovery, by which
He should be known to all posterity.'

"Worldly greatness may flatter and charm, but it is a delusion, and has drawn thousands, whose minds were of the nobler cast, into the vortex of misery, disappointment, and wo.

"There is that which Heaven calls greatness; it is not found in the vanities of earth, therefore it cannot wear the sordid garments of pride, nor dwell in the heart of a tyrant. True greatness will abide the scrutiny of Him who is all eye; and when he shall withdraw the cloud that surrounds his throne, the blaze will not consume it. The greatest man, in one sense, is least of all. He fears not the tongue of the slanderer, and he shuns the feet of the scornful. Though despised by the proud, yet the recording angel, who obeys the will of Heaven, writes his name in living characters in the book of eternal life. He may be a beggar, and lie at the rich man's gate neglected; but he will eventually wear garments clean and white, and be made meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light. A great man is willingly a servant of others for their good. Abraham had a greater regard for high authority than for his own personal comfort, or even for the posterity and life of his son. Who could tear a tender offspring from its mother's arms, and take from his own bosom also, his dearest earthly object? Who, possessing feelings of humanity, could offer it a sacrifice, in obedience to the command of Heaven? He, only, who could offer himself. Few have drunk deeper from the bitter cup of self-denial than did this good patriarch; and all who would be truly great must take to their lips the same cup; on its brim he has left a lingering fragrance. Moses was justly entitled to be the wearer of Egypt's crown; but he dashed it from his manly brow, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the trea-

sures of Egypt. Though his foes, like prowling tigers, threatened to destroy him, yet he feared not, for the arm of Omnipotence was his strength, and he caused them to flee as did the terrified Philistines before the shepherd's boy of Israel's host, whose strength and confidence was also in the God of the faithful. The same arm immediately caused the sea to part before his followers, and stand up as walls for their protection: to his famishing host, under God it unlocked a store-house in the desert, and unsealed a fountain in the thirsty wilderness. Some think themselves honoured to see those who are called great by the world, but Moses talked with God on the mount, which shook by the thunder of his voice, and was enveloped in the lightning of his glory. He entered the tabernacle, the audience-place of the Most High, when it was overshadowed by his broad-spreading wings. He stood near the bush which blazed with the presence of Jehovah, and conversed with him. No tomb or sculptured marble directs the inquiring traveller to the spot where his body lies, but faith's piercing eye sees his soul in heavenly glory. When an infant, he was exposed to the fury of the elements, but now he sits in the regions of eternal day, crowned with unfading honour. The prophet despised the idolatrous king's decree, and his unholy audacity, for which Jehovah closed the mouths and paralyzed the jaws of the hungry lions. The three children of the covenant refused to worship the golden image of paganism—their holiness being from God, he quenched the violence of fire, and gave them audience with the King

of kings. Elijah regarded that honour which cometh from above, and he went to heaven without tasting death. Enoch, walking with God, had this testimony, that he pleased God, and he was not, for God took him.

"A greater regard for earthly honour has encouraged and strengthened the martyr to meet the wrath of his foe, and to feel no sting in death: the same led the inspired apostle to say, 'I am ready to be offered; the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of glory, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give unto me in that day.' Paul, once sat in the halls of human learning; but he has lifted the veil of the inner glory and heard the rustling of seraphs' wings; he listens to the song of angels. Stephen was despised, and became an outcast of the earth; yet, in death, he saw the heavens part like a cloud, and his Saviour near the throne ready to embrace him.

"The philosopher may be called great, yet all his greatness will burn like dross. The truly great man is an angel in embryo. The disciples of Christ called him Master and Lord, and they did well, for so he was;—yet He could wash their feet. Christ died loving his friends, pitying and praying for his enemies; and, in view of his departing glory, the sun veiled his face, the earth quaked, and the dead awoke. He who was God became man that we who are men might become children of God.

"The great man, says the Bible, 'walks with God.'

'Surveys far on the endless line of life—
——— his soul thinks on eternity,
Both worlds considers, and provides for both.
With reason's eye his passions guard,
Abstains from evil, lives on hope—
On hope, the fruit of faith—
Looks upward, and purifies his soul,
Expands his wings, and mounts unto the skies,
Passes the sun, and gains his Father's house,
And drinks with angels at the fount of bliss.'"

CHAPTER V.

ORDINATION, SUCCESS, ILLNESS, RECOVERY.

The following, found among our brother's papers, may with propriety be inserted here:—

"Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution, July, 1840.

"This certifies that the bearer, Mr. Daniel H. Gillette, is a member of this institution, in good standing, and connected with the senior collegiate class, with which he has recently graduated, and that he is now honourably dismissed.

"In behalf of the faculty.

J. F. Richardson, *Secretary.*"

Having finished his studies at the institution, he was about to enter upon duties of an entirely different character. Although he had been preaching occasionally for some years, in connexion with his

studies, and had supplied different churches—yet to take the pastoral care of a church, to be to them an under-shepherd, and a spiritual guide, was taking responsibilities numerous and weighty, concerning which he writes, August, 1840,—

. . . . . "In the second week of July, I returned to Rahway, under circumstances quite favourable, and on the twenty-ninth of said month the church called me to ordination. . . . Now arrived a day of more than usual interest. The council to examine me was very respectable; the assembly large, and attentive. After examination the council resolved to ordain me. I felt that I was about to assume responsibilities weighty and fearful. In the afternoon the council proceeded to ordination. My brother, A. D. Gillette, of Philadelphia, preached from Acts, twenty-sixth chapter, and thirty-ninth verse,—'*And Paul said, I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds.*' I do not know that I ever felt more sensibly the need of deep-toned piety of heart, and entire consecration to God. On the Lord's day following, I baptized, in this beautiful little river, four happy converts, in imitation of their Lord and my Lord.

"The same day we celebrated the Lord's supper. My brother was with me. It was, on the whole, a delightful day. The people seemed eager to hear the word, and willing to listen. O that the Lord would incline their hearts to love the truth and bring them to a saving knowledge of Christ Jesus.

"CERTIFICATE OF ORDINATION.

"To all whom it may concern—*Be it known*, that by the request of the Baptist Church of Rahway, N. J., delegates from the following named churches, New Brunswick, Plainfield, Scotch Plains, Samptown, Newark, Lyon's Farms, Piscataway, Perth, Amboy, Oliver Street and Berean Churches, N. Y., East Church, Brooklyn, and Eleventh Church, Philadelphia, convened in council at Rahway, on the twenty-ninth day of July, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty. After due examination of Brother Daniel H. Gillette, as to his call to the gospel ministry, and being fully satisfied as to his qualifications, therefore did, by the imposition of hands and prayer, publicly and solemnly ordain him a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and to the full discharge of all the duties thereof, also as pastor of the Rahway Baptist Church. In behalf of the council, (Attest,) { G. S. WEBB, *Moderator*, S. J. DRAKE, *Clerk*."

"O Lord, grant me thy special favour in this new department of labour, and make me wise that I may win many souls unto thee. Make me very humble, and forgive all my sins, O Lord, for thy Son's sake, and for thine own glory, and lead me in the way everlasting. Teach me to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom, and lead me to the rock that is higher than I. Amen."

His encouragements to labour in this delightful field were daily urging him to exertions beyond what his constitution would bear.

The female seminary in Rahway was, at this time,

in a very flourishing condition. Mrs. Phelps, the principal, (now of Patapsco, Maryland Female Institute,) made application to him to assist her. After counselling with some of his friends, he consented to instruct a class of young ladies in the languages and moral philosophy, which occupied about three hours, three days of each week. Add to this his ministerial duties, attending funerals, visiting the sick, &c., his task was laborious indeed. The church had been, and was yet dependent upon the New Jersey State Convention for aid in its support. A debt rested upon the house. Immediately after his settlement, he determined that the church should not only support itself, but throw something from what Providence had blessed them with into the Lord's treasury. And, by his persevering industry in this work, he succeeded, after the first year, in securing them in circumstances to support themselves, and to pay a small sum to the convention, which had so liberally assisted them while in want. He was successful in getting about one half of their heavy debt discharged, which tells much, not only for his industry, but for the benevolence and enterprise of the people with whom he laboured in the Lord. He writes, September 7, 1840,—

"Affairs in the church are quite encouraging, although no special revival. It is, at times, a matter of great astonishment to me that people can be so indifferent about judgment, eternity, and God, while they are so repeatedly warned of their danger, and called upon in numberless ways to prepare to meet their God. Death is among us, mark-

ing his victims, and they are many. The first week in August I attended two funerals: the deceased were children. Last week I attended two more; one, a child, the other, a young married woman. You perceive my labours are quite arduous; but O how delightful to labour for God! I lectured at both funerals also on Wednesday evening; attended Bible class on Thursday evening, visited fourteen families, performed my duties as teacher in the Female Institute on the afternoon of three days, and yesterday preached three times, to large assemblies, and to-day I feel no inconvenience from those duties.

"I believe it not only true, that the Lord will not leave me nor forsake me, but he will also help me to do much in his cause, and that too with great delight.

"There are, indeed, losses and crosses in this life, and very many things which tend greatly to discourage, but when we look to the Lord, and discover how good and holy he is, and how much in love are all his dealings with us; then assuredly these trifles which we are disposed to call, at times, discouragements, quickly disappear, and we are lost amidst the multitude of mercies. O that my heart may feel more sensibly the love of God, that while labouring for him, and for the good of souls, I may throw myself at his feet as unworthy, and be wholly willing to become his servant. Lord, purify my heart and make me clean. O help me, that the flatteries of men may not lift my heart with vanity, and prove my ruin. O, that I may be more humble and con-

trite, and have deeper repentance for sin. Forgive me Lord, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." . . .

"September 14, 1840. Last Lord's day I had considerable enjoyment of mind and freedom in speaking. I preached twice in church, and at half past four, P. M., attended a funeral up town. The deceased was a child, the parents not religious. Lord, sanctify this affliction to them, and make it a savour of life unto life. I feel quite too languid. Oh for some kindlings of soul, and more ardent desire for the salvation of sinners. Grant this, gracious Father and Lord. Amen."

"September 24, 1840.

"Last Lord's day, two o'clock, P. M., we went down by the river-side, when prayer was made, and, in the presence of a large concourse, I baptized five converts to Jesus Christ in the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. I felt happy in the Lord. . . . . After which we repaired to the meeting-house, which was crowded with anxious spectators; I tried to preach to them from these words: "*How long halt ye between two opinions?*" My mind was not as clear as usual, and at the close I felt quite dissatisfied; perhaps, however, it was only a suggestion of the adversary. O, that I may be kept humble, and as an exemplary Christian shou'd, so live that I may preach by example as well as by precept. I fear that I may lean to my own understanding, and neglect God, my maker. Keep me at thy feet, O Lord, and never let me wander: guide me in the way everlasting, and uphold me by thy free Spirit."

"October 29, 1840.

"I changed boarding places. I left for necessary reasons. I have been very happily situated. I now board in a pleasant family. I am in good health, except a slight attack of the influenza. My mind, much of the time, is in a very good frame. I enjoy the work of preaching, and succeed as well as could be expected. The most I have to regret is that I am not more thankful for what I have and constantly receive from my heavenly Father, for his mercies are new every morning and fresh every evening. Nothing special in the church, except that there is a gradual increase of members. Last Lord's day I baptized one. O, that hundreds might come to a knowledge of the truth, and walk in the same way. I have baptized ten, all of whom I hope will shine in heaven for ever. O Lord, make me more humble and holy, that I may lead many souls unto thee, and to thy name shall be the praise."

Soon after this date, he went north with his mother, who had been staying in New Jersey, among her friends, a number of months. He accompanied her to Troy, New York, and saw her safe aboard the stage, that would convey her in a few hours to the door of her oldest daughter, in Cambridge. He took the cars for Utica, and from thence the stage to Hamilton. It being a cold, damp, stormy night, in October, and having the influenza previous to leaving, he was not in a condition to endure such exposure. He soon found that he had taken a severe cold; a heavy cough ensued, with some fever and nervous affection. His

stay at Hamilton was necessarily short; and in a few days he returned to Rahway, where, by taking simple remedies for his cough, he was enabled to continue his labours in the ministry, but not without much effort and inconvenience. He had been intending to hold a succession of afternoon and evening meetings with his people as soon as circumstances would allow. Accordingly, he engaged the assistance of his brother, Walter B. Gillette, and commenced the first week in December, and continued evenings and afternoons for about two weeks. During this time he was able to preach but little. After the close of the above-named meetings he baptized fourteen converts. The weather was extremely cold, and he very feeble in body, yet his ambition and zeal urged him in lecturing, visits, and studies, beyond what his strength was able to bear. On Lord's day afternoon he returned to the meeting-house, and attempted to preach to a densely crowded assembly;—but, after speaking a few moments, he was obliged to desist. He went from the pulpit to his bed; where he was confined for two weeks. He was so feeble in body, and his lungs were so affected, that it was thought by his physician not prudent that company should be permitted to see him. We have often thought of the following remark made by his faithful and worthy physician, Dr. L. Drake, during this his first attack: "He may recover so as to preach again, and may live some years, and be useful, but he will never be a sound well man." This prediction has proved true; he never got clear of that distressing cough, and that flush which then settled upon the cheek, he

carried to his last days. Having begun to amend, he was taken to his brother Walter's, where he was retired from company and tarried for a few weeks, until he was able to return again to Rahway, and resume his duties in the ministry.

Respecting this sickness he writes as follows:—

"January 10, 1841.

"How frail a thing is man, and how unable to keep his own body from disease and his heart from evil, and walk in all the ways of the Lord blameless! By thy grace, O Lord, only can we stand, and only being guided by thy Spirit, can we do that which is right. I find that my path is thickly beset with evils, the enemy tempts on every hand: alas, how prone is this wicked heart of mine to yield.

"I ought now to be able to discover a large growth in grace since my last date, but I fear that I am on the retrograde, am losing ground. I sometimes think that I have chosen the wrong enterprise by engaging in the ministry: such is my unworthiness, that I wonder why God works by me. All I can say is, Send, Lord, by whom thou wilt, and if thou wilt, send by me. The sickness I have had ought to humble me, but I fear it has not. May grace humble me. The Lord has been kind and merciful to me; he has blessed my dear church and added to her numbers. I baptized fourteen in December, soon after which I was confined by ill health, and was unable to preach till yesterday,—the ninth of January,—O that I were free from all sin, and holy as God is holy. I will, by the grace of God assisting me, live nearer unto him. I will try and be more like Enoch, 'walk with God.'

O Lord, forgive all the sins I this day have committed in word, thought, or deed, and wash me in the blood of thy dear Son. Make me more heavenly-minded, and let the radiant light of thy throne shine into my mind, and banish hence all the unfruitful works of darkness. May I so live that I may be always prepared to die. I beseech thee, O Lord, have mercy, forgive every sin and save me at last, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—Amen."

Great anxiety was felt on the part of the loving and beloved people of his charge during his sickness. A large number had recently obtained a hope in the salvation of God which is through Jesus Christ, and a number of anxious souls were inquiring the way to Zion. With this state of things in the church, to have the shepherd smitten and taken from the flock in the midst of promising usefulness, rolled upon them burdens and responsibilities which they had not expected and felt unable to bear. Their pastor was made a subject of continued and special prayer; that he might be again restored to health and usefulness. God, who always hears prayer, regarded their cry, and sent them deliverance in restoring him to a partial state of health sooner, by far, than his friends or even his physician thought probable. The anxiety of his people met with corresponding feeling and anxieties in him, as may be seen by the following letter which was read to them, and the congregation by his brother Walter, who supplied the pulpit during his illness.

"To the dear People of my Charge:—

"A good man who was painfully afflicted, once said: '*All the days of my appointed time will I wait, until my change come.*' These words, we may very justly say, imply calm resignation to all the arrangements of Providence: however there might have been strong inclinations in his heart to murmur, yet he had so great deference for God, that he yielded to all his dealings, without an opposing thought.

"Another holy man, in giving instructions to Christians, has said, '*Remember the patience of Job.*' These are expressions which demand serious attention, and which if duly considered cannot fail to impart solace to the afflicted saint. Such, my brethren, I trust they have been to me.

"At the first of my illness I was a little disposed to disquietude, and hardly knew how it could be possible for me to remain away from the sanctuary, and to cease, for a time, to preach a Saviour who had stooped from the heavens and died to become a sufficient mediator for a guilty world. But, on a moment's reflection, it occurred to me, '*It is the Lord, who doeth all things well.*' I need not give you an account of my illness, nor of its nature, which you already know is a disease of the lungs. For a few days I was much inclined to think that I had preached my last sermon, and would never again stand between the living and the dead, as an ambassador for Christ. And what I felt to think of parting with my dear people so soon, with whom I had just begun delightful service, and where the Lord had, as I

thought, given me some testimony that he approved of my services, was almost overwhelming. But when I examined my heart, and thought myself yet in the faith, I could not but exclaim, in my soul, '*Not my will, but thine, O Lord! be done.*'

"I feel quite happy, and still think that my Saviour has been with me. I suppose that I am now mending. My physician has been attentive, cautious, and solicitous for my welfare. Other friends, also, with the best feelings, have extended their helping hands. Nothing has been wanting that could add to my comfort, and after a few weeks, by the will of my heavenly Father, I hope to address you again in his holy name. Now, my dear brethren, while I am absent shall I hear that you leave your posts, and neglect your duties? You do know and I wish you to remember, that the church is not under a worldly policy, and therefore may the Lord help you to be living branches grafted into Christ the living body. Do not neglect the prayer meetings, for there Jesus deigns to show his smiling face. You who have been some time in the vineyard are expected to do much, and I doubt not will feed the lambs, and lead them into green pastures, and down by the pool of life. Attend to the Sabbath school, and do not neglect little children, whom Jesus blessed, but feed them with the milk of the word. Suffer me to say a word to those young disciples who have just begun. You have engaged in a good cause, the angels rejoiced when you made the good resolution: do not break it, but be faithful. I have thought of you often: you have not been forgotten

in my prayers. I would be with you, but the Lord forbids. Let the church be your home, and make the people of God your people, and, above all, grow in grace and in the knowledge of Christ.

"I must also indulge in a word to those who have been accustomed to attend my ministry. I have thought of you often, and while I had feelings of gratitude for your close attention, I was led to examine what I had preached to you; and believe that it had been with this desire: '*Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth.*' If I never speak to you again '*the words of this life,*' do not, I beg of you, neglect the one thing needful, '*but choose that good part that shall never be taken away from you.*' And then, if we meet no more on earth, I hope through grace to meet you where parting will be no more.—Brethren, be much in prayer, and when at the throne remember me, that I may be restored to the bosom of the Church.

"Your affectionate pastor,

D. H. GILLETTE."

Having recovered from his illness, he was quite successful in the work of the Lord, both in receiving members into the church, and in giving the denomination character in Rahway and the surrounding community. He was often called on to preach on special occasions, and among other denominations. On the fourth of July, he delivered an oration in the Presbyterian Church at Rahway. That production was spoken of by many with high commendation. During the spring months he was much engaged in obtaining money to liquidate the debt of

the church. After obtaining what he could at Rahway, he visited the neighbouring churches. Among these his urgent appeals met with good success; so that in a few weeks, he returned to his people with money enough to pay half of what they owed. This debt had been the occasion of anxiety and many fears lest, for the want of means, the candlestick would be removed out of its place. He was released from this only that he might enter into another laborious enterprise. Their house was in need of paint and repairs both without and within, and many who were not members of the church were willing to contribute largely to do this, provided the interior could be new-modelled in some particulars. He wrote a subscription, and in a few days enough was pledged to pay for the alterations.

About this time he writes as follows.

"August 16, 1841.

"Since my last the scenes through which I have gone have been diversified. I often think that none are called to encounter so great and severe trials as the ambassadors of Christ. Men of the world have their open enemies, but Christians must contend in secret with secret foes, who, at times, seem almost invincible. Did one victory suffice, they might enjoy a rest, but no sooner is one party vanquished, than a mightier re-enforcement appears, and yet wearied with the first, the second conflict seems the last and the one in which we must be overcome. The minister takes the highest place in the field, and, like a bold leader, there he must stand in open defence of truth, while he knows that many return nothing but sneers for his faithfulness.

"But what am I saying? Would I complain? No: Though all men forsake, I will not. God is with me, and if he be for me, who can effectually be against me? In the ministry of the word, I am sure that God has assisted me often, for I have enjoyed much freedom of speech, and elevation of soul. But I have not enjoyed as much of the uninterrupted light of my Father's countenance, as I have anxiously desired: yet the fault must be with myself, not with him. Yesterday I, with my brethren, went down to our Jordan, in whose tide I buried with Christ in baptism two subjects, then returned to the house and preached from the latter part of the second verse of the fifteenth chapter of second Chronicles, from which my own soul drew much consolation. In the afternoon was our communion season, and during the whole day, I felt that God was with me. O that he may always be with and sustain me, that I may offend him not, but enjoy his Holy Spirit.

"O Lord my God, the heavens and the earth are thine; I am thine, and I know that, having no right to my own services, they should all be given to thee. Teach me thy will and my duty, and give me strength to obey; keep me back from secret faults, preserve me from presumptuous sins, and by thy grace may I shun every appearance of evil."

In June he writes thus, to his brother A.

"I get along very well, being a bachelor, and away from dear friends; except when ill, or on a Sabbath evening after having passed the arduous duties of the day, then I feel that a good friend of my heart, would be like an angel of love. But you

begin to say, 'Well, I guess he is about to get married.' Of all things, I want a wife the least, and, to be honest, marrying was never more remote from my feelings and plans. A sister, mother, or a brother near, would be a blessing, yet people urge me to marry, and perhaps it might be best. But the thought sends a thrill of horror through my soul. It may be right, after all, for God has said that 'it is not good for a man to be alone;' yet I am alone, and think I may be for some time. I am not engaged, neither do I intend to be, till of different feelings and views. However, this is a subject of but little importance to me or you just now, therefore I will leave it.

"My health and prospects.—I now have a severe cough, though it is better than it was a few days since, and I hope soon to be able to remove it altogether. I have no reason to complain of the Lord; he has been very good to me, and to my dear flock. This is a small band: nine years since they were joined into a church relationship and union, with no pastor. They built a good and roomy house for worship, though somewhat in debt. They soon got a pastor, but after a short time he left. Brother Drake, now in Plainfield, succeeded him, who laboured here three years with success; but much of their time the dear flock was without a shepherd. I began in July, 1840, and since then God has looked upon us with a gracious smile. The debt, which before was swelling by interest, we have reduced one half. In April, we began a Sunday school, with thirty pupils, and now it numbers one hundred and fifty, and I have

baptized thirty-one happily converted persons, and we expect more candidates for baptism soon.

"Yours with respect,

D. H. GILLETTE."

December 20th, he writes:—

"Nothing could be done by a people, with a more spirited design to make me contented and useful than is done by this little church. I often think that many of them would take bread from their mouths, and clothes from their backs, if I were needy. I have never suggested a thing that has met with the least opposition. Some of the members and hearers thought that our meeting-house should be repaired, and they have acted accordingly. They have painted the seats a bright pea green, with mahogany book-boards. The old pulpit is entirely ousted, and its place is supplied with the neatest and most convenient one I have ever seen.

January 1, 1842, he writes as follows:—

"O eighteen hundred and forty-one, where hast thou gone? Another year has whirled into eternity, and a new one has mounted the car of time. One year to-day, the cold north winds blew, the snow fell like impenetrable mist, and the chill frost was withering. Then I was ill, the Lord had justly and kindly afflicted me. But this day has been beautiful and mild, dressed in the gold livery of a day in April, and I have been blessed with tolerable health, and a thousand smiles from my heavenly Father. During the whole past year, I have been the subject of unnumbered blessings, and have often felt myself totally unworthy of the least of them.

I have laboured to promote the cause of my Redeemer, but how little have I done. I am strongly attached to my church: it is glued to my heart, and, at times, I am much dejected on account of my health and the low state of piety. The feeling in Zion is not deep enough in anxiety for the salvation of souls. Though I have baptized many the past year who gave evidence of piety, and whose fruit yet remains, still I am not satisfied. O, that hundreds more might come to the fold of Christ. We intend to hold a meeting soon, with a view of making special efforts for the conversion of precious souls. May the Lord be with us, pardon all my sins, and help me to live to his glory. Nomine Jesu Christi.

CHAPTER VI.

SICKNESS—VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, WASHINGTON, CHARLOTTSVILLE, VIRGINIA.

NOTHING is more certain to mortals than disappointment. Our brother never was in perfect health after his severe attack of il'ness in Rahway. At times he felt quite comfortable, and supposed himself well, and speaks as if he were. We who knew him, knew his health and life were exceedingly precarious. His cough was severe at times, and yet some weeks it would almost cease. We feared the seeds of death were taking deep and abiding root in his frail frame. Time, alas! has solemnly confirmed our fears.

In January, 1842, his cough became suddenly alarming; he was obliged to seize hold of some firm object, in order to stand during its racking operations. A sharp pain continued under his left arm, and in the lower part of his chest; but he continued his pastoral duties. Many desired him to repose for a season—to whom his uniform reply was, he could not endure the sad thought, and hoped soon to be well again.

After the improvements were made in his church, his ardour was more intense, and his hearers were multiplying from a most lovely circle of the community. Converts were frequently added to them. This, and a desire to benefit the impenitent, led him into efforts beyond what his strength could bear.

Soon it was evident, that his work in this field was over. From it he was obliged to retire: reluctant indeed he was; but he submitted, and although not having accomplished half he wished, yet all were amazed at his success, and could say to him, with the sweet poet Montgomery,

"Servant of God, well done—
Rest from thy loved employ."

He writes,

"In the morning of the first Lord's day in this year, I had a slight hemorrhage of the lungs, which awoke me from calm sleep. Not being alarmed, I preached twice and administered the Lord's supper, with much enjoyment to myself, and I hope to the good of others. Such was the state of devotion among us, that we wished to hold a series of meetings, fondly anticipating a lovely time. Next morning I

was attacked much more severely: bleeding continued half an hour, which was repeated seven times in five days; reducing me so, that I could only speak in a whisper. My physician, friends, and myself considered my case hopeless—but Providence ordered it otherwise. Having the best attentions, I soon improved, and in four weeks I could walk my room and talk a little. I rode to brother Walter's, and spent three weeks. I then went to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and then to Charlottsville, Virginia. I gained strength by the journey, and was able to preach occasionally. So protracted is my inability, that I feel it my duty to resign my charge of the Rahway church."

Immediately after his severe illness, his brothers W. and A. were sent for, but such was his weakness that he could say but little. W's wife remained some time administering to his comfort; and Mrs. Ely being freed from the cares of home, continued by him until he was quite recovered. We were anxious to know the state of his mind; but gained it only by signs. Since, however, his letters have amplified upon the subject, sufficient to satisfy the most prying, into such sacred emotions, as those which a dying Christian has, when looking over Jordan, and longing to depart. He has often said, that his joy and peace were indescribable; more so than he had supposed was possible for him ever to experience on earth. "I felt a settled calmness in my mind about the future. I had no choice, and was willing the Lord should dispose of me as would be most for his glory."

But as returning health greeted him, his wonted solicitude for Zion's welfare revived, with all its absorbing weight and delightful responsibilities. When receiving the calls of his brethren in his room, his inquiries were about the church—his anxieties, that the congregation should be kept up—urging them to be prompt in attendance upon their social meetings. He entreated them not to be disheartened because their under shepherd had been smitten, but be thereby roused to more vigorous action in their Saviour's cause. Brethren, he would feebly say—"stand to your posts, let not the enemy triumph—God has much people here, and he designs you shall become an influential church. If I never preach for you again, God will send others to do so, with equal and far greater success than I have enjoyed."

Mrs. Ely wrote to his brother A. as follows:—

"You regretted not ascertaining your brother's feelings, when you were called to his-bedside. I will relate some things. The morning he was taken, he felt that he could not long survive—but was perfectly composed, and said, "If it was the Lord's will, he was ready to die. He had a good hope through grace. Death had no terrors, yet when he thought of his friends—of the church—of the cause of Christ—he was willing to live; but if he should die bleeding, he could say, thy will, O God! be done."

He writes February, 1842.

"I am able to write to you with my own hand, although quite feeble and scarcely able to guide my pen. When you were here, I did not expect to ever be well again; I felt so four or five days. Yet I then

had joy. I never before knew the value of a hope in Christ. Had I then been obliged to have sued for mercy, I believe the excitement would have aggravated my disease, and hastened dissolution. I have pleasure in the retrospect. I was not, nor do I now feel alarmed. The burden of my prayer is, calmly and cheerfully to submit to all God's pleasure. At first, the church rested heavily upon my mind. But when I thought of the Saviour's cheering promise, 'Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom,' I resigned her to his hands, for I knew he was able to keep her. Friends often came to my bed-side, and asked if I did not think I would recover. I could not give them a definite answer, for it was a matter of indifference, so fully resigned was my will to the will of Heaven. I knew, if I was a child of God, I should rest from sorrow; and if restored, I should be exposed to the evils of a tempting world. I thought I knew something of Paul's feelings, when he said, I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better. When I began to mend, I prayed that the affliction might be sanctified to me; and now feel, that if I am again allowed to preach Jesus, I can set forth his goodness from the fervour of my own experienced heart. I have rode out twice, and endured it well. My lungs are strengthening. I hope by spring to be able to preach."

"Philadelphia, March, 1842.

"Dear Brother Walter,—

"You doubtless expect a letter from me soon; and

of course are anxious to hear respecting my health. I had a pleasant tour to the city, arrived safely, and not more fatigued than I expected.

"Since here I have felt my wonted strength returning. I hope, and even believe, that I may again enjoy perfect health. I do not expect it immediately. But being partially restored, I have an increased anxiety to be well at once, and enter again the sphere of labour, which is my joy and delight, preaching to immortals the unsearchable riches of Christ.

"I constantly have something to remind me of my weakness. Last week I suffered much from pain in the left side, which gave me reason for some alarm, and I could not easily suppress my feelings. My lungs were also much affected, and at times I was about to decide that I should never become well again; but to-day I feel like another man, those pains have nearly all left me. I am disposed to attribute my sufferings in part to the very unpleasant and damp weather of last week.

"This has been a fine day, and I have been much disposed to elevate my spirits, and sing with the birds that rest upon the wing, and so sweetly lift their notes of melody and praise.

"I do not know how soon I shall go south, though I now think of starting next week; however, it will depend much upon the state and temperature of the weather. I am now very certain that I shall not be able to preach at all sooner than May, if then, or if ever; but I trust in the Lord, and use the means given me for improvement. I wish you to continue to preach for my people until May, and then, should

I not be able to resume the care of the church, we will make further arrangements.

"I feel exceedingly anxious for the church and people of Rahway; it is very near my heart, but whether I shall labour with them again or not, God only knows, they are all in the hands of a holy, wise, and a just Being. I should like to have you write to me all about the church, how they get along and prosper. I hope that God may bless your preaching to them, that he will revive his Spirit in their souls, and through you bring sinners to repentance, and to a knowledge of the truth. I should be happy to spend a Lord's day with you there, but I think this climate better for me at present. Fruit trees are here in full bloom, and when summer arrives, I shall enjoy it much, by the Divine blessing.

"Brother has a pleasant season in his church, just now: about fifty have been converted hopefully within a few months: yesterday he baptized twenty in the presence of a large congregation.

"You shall hear from me again soon, I have not felt so well since I was first taken as I do to-day, you may tell the church how I am, and also inform them that they are not forgotten in my prayers, and I trust that they do not forget their afflicted Pastor. My hope is, that each one will do his duty as a member of the church of God. They will not regret, when on a dying bed, that they have been devoted and faithful. I wish to be remembered by them all, and my earnest prayer is that a blessing may rest upon both church and congregation.

We here give a sketch from the worthy Pastor of the Rahway Church.

"Rahway, August, 1845.

"DEAR BROTHER GILLETTE,—

"The church appointed a committee of three, consisting of Deacons Cole, Decker and Noe, to collect and forward such intelligence as they were possessed of concerning your brother's devoted and successful labours among them.

"The proposition meets with universal favour, —as a church, we have taken no formal vote upon the subject; but every one with whom I have conversed regards it with approbation, and I doubt not that the "memoir," when published, will be hailed by *very many here* as a most acceptable memento of one, of whom it is universally said—

'None knew him, but to love him,
None named him, but to praise.'

"In the spring of 1840, the Baptist church at Rahway being destitute of a pastor, Brother Daniel H. Gillette then pursuing the studies of the senior year at the Hamilton Literary and Theological Seminary, preached before them, not as a candidate for the pastoral charge; but the church and congregation were so much pleased with the manner in which the services of the day had been performed that he was earnestly requested to spend with them the vacation. With this desire he complied, and so general was their satisfaction, that he almost immediately received a unanimous call to the pastoral care of that people. That call he accepted, and after graduating he was ordained.

"At that time the church was in an unprosperous condition. Their house of worship, which was new and commodious, was encumbered by a considerable debt—the church was weak in numbers and deficient in resources, being partially dependent upon the New Jersey State Convention, for the means necessary to sustain the preaching of the word among them—but scarcely had the newly elected pastor entered upon the regular discharge of his ministerial duties, ere a manifest and decided improvement was visible. The services of the sanctuary, which in former days had been but thinly attended, were now participated in by crowds of interested auditors, until at length the house was not large enough to contain those who sought to worship there. Nor was his usefulness limited to the mere increase of the congregation—the Gospel as proclaimed by him came in "demonstration of the Spirit, and in power." The members of the church were refreshed and strengthened. while sinners were aroused, convinced and saved, and the church witnessed in his success and prudence the wisdom of their choice, as they also did in the constant increase of their spiritual and temporal prosperity. But neither the usefulness nor influence of Brother Gillette was confined to the pulpit—if there, by the highly acceptable character of his public ministrations, he wielded influence and secured esteem, so also in private life—mingling with the people of his charge, or with the community in which he lived, his refinement of feeling, the kindness of his disposition and the gentleness of his manners secured for him affectionate regard, and it is not too much to say that he was universally beloved.

"As at the time he entered upon the charge of the church it was embarrassed by a heavy debt; to liquidate this was his earnest desire, and for the attainment of this end, he laboured long and zealously, and with such success that in the course of about one year, one half of the full amount had been paid, while during the same time several hundred dollars were expended in increasing the accommodations and the beauty of the house of worship, but here a sudden and unexpected stop was put to his activity. His health, which at no period during his residence at Rahway had been robust, became seriously impaired; he was attacked by a severe cold and hemorrhage from the lungs, which completely prostrated his strength and brought him to the verge of the eternal world. During this illness, which was protracted, he manifested the influence upon his own heart of those doctrines which he had taught. His pains, which were oftentimes severe, drew no murmur from his lips, and amid the sufferings that marked a portion of his illness, as well as throughout the feebleness and lassitude that attended a long and tedious convalescence, he ever displayed a spirit of cheerful resignation. He partially recovered, and resumed the duties of his ministerial office, but it was evident to all that the shock had been too great for a constitution before delicate. It was now shattered, and subsequent events have shown, what many others fearfully supposed, that when he came forth from his sick chamber, he came with the seeds of early death within his frame. He continued their pastor until the month of May, 1842, when finding

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his strength inadequate to the arduous and responsible labours required, he tendered his resignation to the people of his charge. It was reluctantly accepted, accepted with a deep regret that considerations of health—nay of life itself had rendered it imperative. And when Bro. Gillette departed he left behind him a church each member of which, while they revered him as a pastor, loved him as a friend, a brother—and a community that bore for him a deep affection, and it will be long before his remembrance will be lost to those by whom the influence of his talents and his virtues have been felt so deeply. It is but proper to remark that he left the church in a prosperous condition, able to sustain the ordinances of the gospel without extraneous aid, and in their improved condition the influence of his labours amongst them is, and will long continue to be felt.

WILLIAM ROLLINSON."

"Charlottsville, Virginia, April, 1842.

"DEAR MRS. ELY,—

"Before this time, I should have written, and would have well answered my feelings in so doing, for none but myself knows the high regard and affection I have for you. The principal reason why I have so long delayed is that I have been in no place since leaving Philadelphia long enough, and here I have been but a short time. Since seeing you I have been on the wing, and much of the time borne rapidly along, though I have not been urged on because of necessity, except the improvement of health.

"I have seen much, possessing the deepest and liveliest interest. I am about four hundred miles from you, and thus far I have found the journey use-

ful. As I left Philadelphia, I made some stop in Baltimore, and with Judge Phelps of the Patapsco Institute for young ladies, twelve miles distant. On account of a storm, I was delayed longer than I desired, though, as elsewhere, I found kind and sympathizing friends, who did all in their power to make me comfortable and happy. I went to Washington, spent two nights and one day with advantage and pleasure, for congress and the senate were in session. Thence I took the steam-boat down the Potomac, and had for a companion in travel the Nestorian Bishop, late from Persia, of whom you have heard. He was in his native costume; the large turban, long loose gown, and beard never shaved. He excited much attention, but was simple and affable in his manners, and seemed to possess deep-toned piety.

"The boat carried us about sixty miles, then we took stage-coach nine miles, then the cars about a hundred, and then the stage again about twenty to Charlottsville, Virginia.

"On last Saturday I arrived. This is the most delightful country I ever saw. There is much connected with this town to make it hallowed. About two miles on the one side is the celebrated *Monticello*, the lofty hill upon which stands President Jefferson's mansion, where he died, and where is his tomb; on the other side is the flourishing university founded by this noble patriot. The citizens here, in kindness and hospitality excel any I ever saw. I had only to tell them my name, when I was kindly received with a hearty welcome, and they spare no pains to make me happy. They are

quite urgent to keep me two months. The country is very hilly, but beautiful and healthy. The Baptist is the strongest society, the largest number, and the most wealthy, and they have a pleasant and worthy man for their pastor, Rev. Isaac Tinsley.

"Ere you get this, you will learn that I have sent my resignation to Rahway. I felt it my duty thus to do, for my health will not allow my entering upon pastoral labours, and I could not be willing to keep them in suspense. I think the Lord directed me. I hope he will give you all grace to do his will respecting it. I have not lost my attachment for the church: no, it was a great struggle with my feelings to make the decision; but I believe I have done right, and I hope I shall be succeeded by a man after God's own heart, who will more than make my place good. I can never cease to pray for you. I rejoice in your prosperity, and if the Lord will, I shall visit you in the summer. I have not been called to any church, but several have asked me if I would settle; but my health will not allow it. I do not design to act as pastor the present summer. My health improves, and I hope soon to recover. My visit south has done me good.

"Religion in these parts is very low, though the Baptists are numerous and wealthy, comprising the better part of citizens. You don't know how much and how often I think of you. Your kind attention to me when I was ill I can never forget, neither can I repay it. I love you as a sister and a mother. Do not forget me at the throne of grace. Yours obediently, D. H. GILLETTE."

The following was written while he was on a visit, by request of the church in

"Danbury, Conn., May 11th, 1842.

"DEAR BROTHER WALTER,

"It may seem that I have neglected you, but such has been my situation, that I could not well let you hear from me oftener than you have.

"I spent one month in Philadelphia, thence I went to Baltimore, from which place I wrote to you. Thence I proceeded to Virginia, where I spent a few weeks, as you have heard; though I did not write you direct. All this time I felt myself improving in health, and have much reason for gratitude. God has been pleased to restore me to such health as I now enjoy. Though I am by no means well, and know not that I ever shall be; yet I fondly hope to be restored and spend my life in the cause of the Redeemer. I am not able to preach regularly, and do not think it my duty to resume pastoral labour this season; indeed I hardly think I could without great injury to myself. I have heard that some in Rahway have complained because I resigned, I hope they will bear in mind that I told them I should resign my charge, if I was not able to resume my labours by the first of May. I would have resigned before, but they were unwilling. I think I have said and done enough to convince them that they above all people were dear to me: it pained my heart to leave them; and to think of settling with others is no pleasurable task. I have been often invited to visit this people; they have wished me to settle with them, and labour as my health would al-

low, but it requires a warmer climate. I feel inclined to return to Virginia in the fall, but I leave all this with God. This is a beautiful town, a good church; strong and wealthy; they have an elegant parsonage, and they offer me a salary of five hundred dollars; but what is all this? it does not move me; for without health I never expect to be happy or useful in any place. I think much of the dear church in Rahway, and I hope to see them soon. I can preach occasionally, though not with my accustomed vigour; however, I am much improved. I hope soon to see you. As a brother I love you; you have shown yourself kind to me, for which I am very thankful, and wish I could express to you my gratitude. I think now of spending part of the summer among my friends; it would afford me pleasure to be much with you, it would do me good to assist in working your parsonage, which I will cheerfully do. I have not heard who the church in Rahway have as supply. I am willing to give them any assistance I can, for my heart is with them, and I earnestly pray for their prosperity.

"Give my love to all the friends, especially I would be remembered to sister Sarah Ann: she may be assured that I love her with a brother's affection. I cannot otherwise requite her regard for, and kind, deep-felt attention to me. I hope to see you soon, May the Lord be with you. Yours affectionately,

D. H. GILLETTE."

MEMORANDUM.

"My residence is now one hundred miles from where it was when I made the last entry.

"Having been invited to visit the church in Danbury, Connecticut; I accordingly came and preached on the second Sabbath in May. I spent three weeks with them. On the third they tendered to me an affectionate and unanimous call to become their pastor. I returned to N. J., but having also been invited by the church at Charlottsville, Virginia, it required some time to decide which place I should choose. Finally I decided to come here, and yesterday became pastor of the church. In the A. M. I preached from 1 Corinthians ix. 12, "*Lest we should hinder the gospel of Christ.*"

"This church has received me with much warm affection. I am not entirely well, yet they exercise much sympathy for me, and I begin to feel quite happy with them. O, that God may sanctify the union, and may it please him to give me once more sound health and enable me to preach the word faithfully and with great success. I pray God to help me in this new field of labour; his grace is sufficient for me. I hope I may enjoy much religion, with good health; preach the gospel with great power, and win many souls to Christ.

"O God! be thou my strength and wisdom, and keep me from the evils that are in the world, guide me in the right way, and keep me from falling, and my steps from sliding, that I may live and labour for thy praise, and be saved at last: thine shall be all the glory. AMEN."

The following is a copy of the call of the church at Danbury.

"At a meeting of the Baptist church at Danbury,

Connecticut, held May 22d, 1842, it was unanimously—

"Resolved, that we tender to our esteemed brother, the Rev. D. H. Gillette, late of Rahway, N. J., a call to become our Pastor. The vote was heartily responded to by every member present.

"Resolved, that we will give to brother Gillette the sum of five hundred dollars, with the use of the parsonage, house and premises.

"It was also resolved, that we will pay promptly the salary at the expiration of every three months. We will also strive by our prayers, and mutual cooperation, to encourage our pastor in his labours of love among us; that the pleasure of the Lord may prosper in his hands.

"It is expected also that brother Gillette shall receive the avails of the subscription, though a sum exceeding five hundred dollars should be collected.

"By order and in behalf of the church—

W. A. Crocker, Ch. Clerk."

"Danbury, Lord's day, June 5th, 1842."

The following is a copy of the letter received from brother Gillette, in reply to the call, which was read to the church.

"Plainfield, June 2, 1842.

"To the Baptist Church, Danbury, Conn.:—

"Dear Brethren,—In reply to the call you tendered me on the 22d of May, 1842, in which I was cordially and unanimously invited to become your pastor and minister of the word of life, accept the following address, in the love and fear of the Lord. I hope that a deep *sense* of *duty*, and a love for the service of God,

with an ardent desire for the *salvation* of *souls, alone* induce me to the decision. I have carefully considered all things so far as possible, and relying implicitly upon your cheerful and prompt co-operation, in all spiritual things, and trusting that the blessing of God will attend our efforts, I have resolved, though with fear and trembling, to accept your affectionate call. And now may the Holy Spirit sanctify the new relation! that you as a church, and I as your pastor may enjoy much of pure and undefiled religion, and be blessings to each other, and especially to the worldly, that when we stand up in the judgment we may have souls as seals of our usefulness. Your obedient servant,

D. H. GILLETTE."

It was not without many fears that he accepted the call, lest his strength would fail, and he be obliged to abandon the field. But suddenly he and the people became greatly elated with their prospects. Increased attention was given to the word; a stronger attachment formed between pastor and people. Soon God in his providence saw proper to blast those shadowy prospects, and show them in whom their strength was reposed. Only three weeks had he laboured with them since his acceptance of the call, when disease, that destructive enemy, again laid upon him a heavy blow. Painful indeed was the task and sore the trial, yet he was obliged to tell them that he must cease to preach; his labours with them must close. But they felt very unwilling to part with him so soon, and he, himself equally loath to part with them. They ad-

vised him to retire from the field a few weeks; hoping that his health would again improve, and allow him to resume his labours; they would obtain a supply for the pulpit. He was almost discouraged. He wished to return to his brother's at N. J.—Thinking that the state of his health forbade his going alone, a member from the church accompanied him. When he arrived, he was much cast down in his spirits, and weepingly said as follows: "Brother and sister, I want to stay with you, perhaps until I die!"

His health improved after a few weeks, and he again enjoyed his usual flow of spirits; his natural turn when well, was of a lively cast; sometimes, unless restrained, it extended almost as some would suppose to levity, but no one who was intimately acquainted with him, could doubt his being a young man who drank largely out of grace's fount. His unshaken confidence in God, his willingness to submit all to him, his calm resignation to afflictions, which were at times very severe, his delight in the word of the gospel, and his ardent zeal for the cause, were evidences which can never be gainsaid; proving that he was one whose motives were pure—and whose inheritance was in heaven; thither he has gone to possess his reward: it is a crown of glory which is in reserve for the righteous.

He writes as follows:—

"Newmarket, N. J., July, 1842.

"I will inform you about the state of my health. It is not at all good, though improving. Had it continued as it was two weeks since, I must have been ere this confined to my bed.

"After reaching Danbury, with my furniture, fitting up my room, and commencing to study and preach, something like an ulcer gathered upon my lungs; and on the evening of the Sabbath, it broke while in church, and caused me to feel very unpleasant. I began to be weak immediately, and within a few days I could scarcely dress myself. It gave me pain to converse. It was evident that I could not preach. I consulted a physician, who advised me to leave them, and said that with prudence and care I might soon recover. I complied, though it was hard for the church to part with me; for no people could be more warmly attached to any one. But they said that it was all right. One of them came to Plainfield with me, where I stayed a few days, and then I came to brother Walter's, where I now am.

"After the breaking of this ulcer, my cough increased and was quite severe; but now it has nearly all left me, and my strength rapidly increases; yet I am not able to preach. I feel but little ambition—vastly different do I feel from what I did one year ago: however, I am not now discouraged, for every symptom is favourable, and I see nothing to forbid my entire restoration. If I continue to improve for a few weeks as I have the past week, I shall soon be a well man; though I do not allow myself to be flattered beyond measure. I am content to take things as they are. Such is my health now that I shall spend next winter somewhere south. The reasons that I settled in Danbury were in part, the advantages I would there have had for retirement. I

thought these were just what my feeble frame required, and the support was ample."

"Newmarket N. J., July, 1842.

"Mrs. Ely,—

"How darkly obscured from our eyes are all the ways of God. In the morning we may anticipate one thing and a certain course of events; but as the day advances we learn, to our sad disappointment, that all our hopes were vain and groundless. Thus we learn that our minds are depraved and finite; and, however much occurrences may be against our will, yet if attentive to the monitions of God, we learn that as different and high are his ways from ours, and his thoughts above ours,—so much superior is his wisdom to ours, and we cannot but be still in his holy presence. Little did I think when we parted that I should so soon be in this State again, and especially in such circumstances. But God hath ordered it thus, and I cheerfully obey. After leaving you, I proceeded to Danbury, Conn., was received by the brethren with a hearty welcome; they furnished my study very pleasantly, and I began labour: however, after arriving I did not feel well as usual, but I preached on *Lord's day*, and on the following week felt my strength declining, though the next Sabbath I preached again with much pleasure and ease to myself, and with apparent acceptance to the church; but the same evening I was feeble, my cough increased, and while in church an ulcer broke on my lungs, and caused a very profuse discharge. This continued for several days. My lungs were very sore, and I felt myself fast declining. I hardly thought I could survive two months, and probably

could not, had I not begun to mend. I consulted a physician, he advised me to retire from the ministry at once, for there was no other way, he said, in which I could regain my health; but in retirement and with care, I might get well again. The church advised me to the same, saying that they would get a supply until next spring, giving them a prospect that I could then preach. So I came immediately to New Jersey, stopped at my friends' near Plainfield, who appeared to feel worse on hearing the sad story of my illness, than I did myself; but after a few days they were much encouraged, for I was better, and now feel myself rapidly improving. However well I may be, I do not design to preach any more this summer. I make my home with brother Walter, take daily, moderate exercise. It is very trying to a young man of ambitious feelings and habits, to be thus laid aside; but it is all right. If God has no more for me to do, I will freely submit; but if he has, and I shall again enjoy health, and be able to perform it, may I have grace to sustain me in all circumstances.

"It may seem that I have neglected you, yet it was not designed, for my heart is too sensible to kindness, not to be strongly attached to you. You have been to me all that any one could be in voluntary and cheerful attention, and though I cannot reward you, yet I know the Lord will. I shall ever regard you none other than one of my best friends, and I shall always meet you with the warm affection of a son.

"I hear that you have settled brother Breed. I hope that you will pray for him, and that God will

bless his labours abundantly. I can do no good now, I know not as I ever shall. I am at brother Walter's. I feel better than usual, and hope I may continue to improve. I design to spend the summer with brother and his family. Your sincere friend.

D. H. GILLETTE."

"New Market, New Jersey, July 20th, 1842.

"DEAR BROTHER MONTGOMERY,

"I am yet blessed with the mercies of an indulgent Providence, and have great reason to be thankful and bless his holy name. The afflictions I have been called to endure for the last few months have been sanctified to my heart and been the means of bringing me near the throne of grace. But oh the distance of my heart from God, would that I had been so near, that I could feel the genial warmth of his countenance always beaming on my soul.

"I think that I am somewhat better than when I left you, though it is difficult to ascertain, for at times, I feel very well, and again am quite feeble, hardly able to be about; yet I attribute these different feelings to the weather, and the fatigue, I sometimes have from too much exercise. My cough is much abated, but my lungs are very sore and weak: I may again be well, and preach the gospel of Jesus, yet it will doubtless be some time before I can begin. It is hard, yes, it pains my heart to tell you this; but duty demands it, and I must yield. May God give me grace to submit with cheerfulness to all his dispensations. I love you as a church and people, and with health I could be happy with you, and with the blessing of God could be useful.

"It seems duty both for you and me that I should no longer be your Pastor, for it is very uncertain whether I shall be able to preach in the fall; and for you to wait would only keep you in uncertain suspense. O! how my soul yearns over you. May God send you a man after his own heart, who may break unto you the bread of life. I can only commend you to God and to the word of his grace.

"I hope to visit you next week, and spend the Sabbath with you, but shall not be able to preach, and if you have no supply, and will write me on the reception of this, if you desire it, my brother will accompany me and preach for you. You need not present my resignation to the church until I see you, when I will do it myself. You cannot doubt the propriety of the course I take. No! you cannot, for without health I can do you no good. I know I shall have your prayers for my speedy recovery, and for the blessing of my God to attend me.

"A sense of duty leads me to this step. It was difficult to decide, for I love my Master and his cause, and I have but little else for which to live. I am very anxious to see you, and never, no! never can I forget you. To you and your family, I have a sincere attachment. I love you with Christian affection, and to know that I have an interest in your prayers is a solace to my heart. If we are never allowed to labour more together, O! may eternity be made vocal with our notes, and there may we sing and praise together in glory.

"Give my love to all the brethren, and tell them

that I shall expect to see them all at church. Love to your family.

"Yours affectionately. D. H. GILLETTE."

The following is the resignation which he tendered to the church.

"To the Baptist Church, Danbury, Conn. Dear brethren, it has become my duty as your pastor to dissolve that relation which I have held to you but a short time. My heart was with you, and the kind reception I met with in being called to this relation, gave me a peculiar fondness for this field of labour, and caused me to hope that we might live happily together for a long time, and be the means of advancing the kingdom of Christ, in bringing many souls to a knowledge of the truth. But it seems God had otherwise determined. It pleased him to show me my weakness and dependence by undermining my health; and you your dependence by proving that you might appoint, but he could disappoint. It was a great trial to my feelings, yet I trust that I have an interest in your prayers for the recovery of health, that I may yet labour more in the vineyard of the Lord.

"Dear brethren, accept this my resignation of the pastoral office of this church, and be assured that I commend you to God and to the word of his grace, praying earnestly that he may send you a man after his own heart,—who may preach to you faithfully the words of the kingdom. I am your obedient servant. D. H. GILLETTE."

He writes as follows:—

"August, 1842.

"One month since I was more than one hundred miles north of this, and located, I hoped, for happiness and joy in the service of God. But how often we learn that finite minds cannot penetrate the future. Though not entirely restored to health, yet I anticipate a gradual improvement, by which I may moderately advance, and some day be able to fulfil all the functions of a pastor's office. But God is wiser than man, and knows what is best for us.

"I returned to Danbury last Lord's day, and resigned my charge of the church. This was to me and to them a great trial; but the will of the Lord be done. If it please him to restore me, it is my prayer that I may have much grace, and be able to serve acceptably, with reverence and with godly fear. I have earnestly prayed that this affliction might be sanctified. I believe it is in some measure. I do not feel the least disposition to murmur; it is all just, and I feel it so. O that I may improve it! I have no illness at present, except weakness of the lungs, which affects my whole system. God in his own time will dispose of me as seemeth good in his sight. O God, for thine own designs of mercy and love, give me grace and wisdom, and save my soul in heaven. Amen."

"Newmarket, August 20th, 1842.

"Dear Brother A.,

"I am housekeeper general, lord of the soil, and monarch of all I survey. Walter and wife left on Monday, designing first to visit mother, sisters, and friends, and then go to conference in Rensselaer

county, thence home; which will occupy about three weeks. I felt very anxious to accompany them, and at first designed to, but after resolving to go south, I felt the journey would be more than I could endure; for I would be obliged to visit Whitehall and Lake George: to which place and here again would be at least six hundred miles, and then four hundred more south. I have travelled too much this summer and last spring. The nights begin to lengthen, and dews are heavier. I thought it the part of wisdom to forego the pleasure of visiting friends this season, and take better care of my own shattered person.

"A widow is my house-maid, and the two children are the only musical instruments we have at present, which are rather more noisy than harmonious. I am quite happy, for I can enjoy solitude much as I please, which was always very desirable to me. If I choose company, I have but a short distance to go, where I can enjoy *that society* for which in all the world there is none can compensate. So you see I am happily situated. There is but one thing now wanting for me to enjoy altogether beyond what I ever anticipated, that is, good health. If it were my blessing, with the feelings I now and for some months past have had, earth would be almost a paradise. However, I have no reason to complain, neither do I, for I am much better than might be expected, considering how low I was reduced last winter. I have had no cough for three weeks. I suffer no pain, and the only difficulty is weakness of the lungs, though they are gaining

strength. I expectorate considerably, but not so much as some time previous, and I am much encouraged at times that I may once more be well. The Lord knows best, and I feel resigned to his sovereign disposal, earnestly desiring to have grace sufficient to meet calmly any event he may be pleased to bring upon me.

"Next Tuesday I expect to preach in the city of Newark before our Missionary society. I was appointed to this last year. I feel quite able, though I have not attempted since the last Sabbath in June. I have just prepared my sermon, text Heb. xi. 7; in which I illustrate the power and rewards of faith. These are my points: first, the power; secondly, the rewards.

"I have been solicited by R. W. Martin, treasurer, and Rev. B. M. Hill, corresponding secretary, to take an agency for the winter in the southern states for the Home Mission, but it would expose me rather too much, therefore I decline. I shall leave here for the south, the Lord willing, about the third week in Sept., make you a call, and leave for Virginia, that I may be there the first of October.

"I want to see the little ones. Give that five dollars to my little namesake, and kiss sis when you please, and put just so much to my account as you have a mind to.

"Remember me to all the friends, and tell them I have good spirits, though afflicted. Yours truly in love. D. H. GILLETTE."

CHAPTER VII.

SETTLES AS PASTOR IN CHARLOTTSVILLE, VIRGINIA. REVIVAL.

After returning from Danbury to his brother's, in New Jersey, he passed his time very pleasantly, as he has frequently intimated. He employed his time in working the garden, riding on horseback, reading, writing, and visiting his friends. During the whole summer, he preached but once, and that was to fulfil a previous appointment made by the East New Jersey Missionary Society, at its session in the city of Newark. Sometimes he appeared almost well, at others especially in damp weather, his disease was quite observable.

His natural turn was active and industrious; he had been early inured to laborious habits; and to content himself doing nothing was utterly impossible. In the midst of his enjoyments and recreations there was an uneasiness of mind manifest. He considered that God had put him into the ministry, and if health would permit, he ought to be engaged in his Master's work. Soon, as the autumn commenced, he began to be anxious about the future; and, finally, came to the conclusion to go south, to some place where he could be useful, and spend the winter preaching, as his health would admit.

Having held correspondence with the brethren in Charlottsville, Virginia, since his visit there, and

their pastor having resigned his charge, they manifested quite a desire that he should settle with them. He was soon called to become their pastor, but, being fearful that the field required more labour than he should be able to perform, he hesitated, knowing that, with a mere nominal pastor, the cause would suffer rather than be advanced. Finally, he consented to stay with them during the winter, on condition that he should not be required to labour beyond what his constitution could reasonably endure. Accordingly, after making what preparation was necessary, about the middle of September, he left New Jersey, and his friends, for a residence in the south. Many fears were entertained that his ambition and zeal would prompt him to undertake too much. But they were soon happy to hear that his health continued as good as when he left, and he was flattered with the idea that it constantly improved. How often it is, alas! that we are thus deluded with the hope of long life, while, with rapid strides we are hastening to the tomb!

Concerning his settlement in Virginia, and his success in the ministry, while there, he writes as follows:—

"Charlottsville, October, 1842.

"My last entry was made at Newmarket, New Jersey, when my health was quite bad, though rather improving. Having resigned my charge in Connecticut, I received a call from this place, which I accepted, should my health allow me to preach. I commenced labour on the first of this month. It has pleased the Lord to restore me quite rapidly. I

reached here in due time, and, on the first Sabbath, preached, in the morning, to a very large audience. I am very happy in the prospects with this people: the church is quite numerous and wealthy, and appear to be very desirous to honour their Lord and do all they can to promote the cause. They are now enjoying a very pleasant revival; converted souls are rejoicing in the Lord. I anticipate much success here, should the Lord restore me to health and continue with me his Holy Spirit. I mourn on account of my barrenness; O! that I were more fruitful in the knowledge of my Lord, and were a more able minister of the New Testament. O God! forgive all my sins, let thy grace be sufficient for me, and honour thou my feeble efforts, and save many immortal souls from the wrath to come. Amen."

The anxiety of the people in Charlottsville to obtain his labours among them, is seen in the numerous letters of correspondence that passed between them during the summer previous to his settling there. The following valuable epistle was written to his brother A., by a gentleman to whom with some other of his friends in that place he had given Daniel an introduction:

"Charlottsville, 1842.

"DEAR BROTHER GILLETTE,—

"I cannot let so favourable an opportunity pass without expressing my own as well as my brethren's gratitude for the interest you have taken in our spiritual welfare. Your brother reached our place on the 22d instant, and has preached for us three

times, and will preach again to-night. His preaching is calculated to satisfy us beyond our most sanguine expectations, and to draw crowds to hear him. To-day our church was thronged to overflowing, and the deep interest felt by all could not be otherwise than encouraging to the speaker and cheering to the hearts of his hearers. I do seriously believe that a kind Providence has directed this matter. I am aware of the vanity of our natures, and, whilst some of other denominations may ascribe it to this cause, and others to that, in our trying to obtain the services of talents that will command the attention of all classes; yet they must hear before they will believe, and they cannot be brought to hear unless we have a preacher that is interesting. I believe and hope that your brother is pleased with our country, and, especially, with our church and people, and I do think that a kind Saviour indicates that we should try and secure him as our permanent pastor. He has promised not to engage with any church until he hears more from us. . . . .

"The brethren are unanimous in saying, that we should, by all means, try and secure your brother. The only difficulty I can see is, that we shall not be able to make him such an offer as he will have made him by others. I must solicit your aid in our behalf. In as short a time as we can, consistently with duty, we shall make known to him what we can do: and I trust that he may be directed by Him who manages the affairs of the world for his own glory, and the advancement of his cause. . . . .

"Accept our best regard for the deep interest

that you have taken in our welfare. May the Lord reward you richly, and restore to health your dear brother, and direct his sojourn, ere long, amongst us, is the prayer of your very unworthy brother,

WM. P. FARISH."

The following call soon came, made in due form:

"Charlottsville, 1842.

"DEAR BROTHER GILLETTE,—

"Brother Isaac S. Tinsley having resigned the pastorate of this church, the church are unanimous in their wish that you should accept the charge over them in the Lord, and have appointed us to communicate to you their wishes. This duty we perform with peculiar pleasure, convinced, as we are, that we not only meet the unanimous wishes of the church and community, but secure the advancement of our best interests. If you can feel it your duty to accede to our proposition, your visit to us and the communications already made to you by our brethren, render it unnecessary to say any thing of our condition and prospects. We therefore submit the matter to your determination, assuring you of our deepest interest, and of our sincere desire that you may be our pastor.

"With sentiments of great regard and Christian kindness, we are, very truly, your brethren,—

Nimrod Bramham,	John Simpson,
W. P. Farish,	H. Mason,
Joseph Bishop,	James Alexander,
Benjamin Morly,	Clifton L. Thompson,
Elijah Dunham,	Alex. Pope Abell,

Pike Purvis,—*Committee.*"

"Charlottsville, 1842.

"DEAR BROTHER GILLETTE,—

"A committee, with which we acted, have this evening addressed a communication to you, in the name of the church, requesting you to become our pastor. . . . .

"We know not what to say that we have not already said, to urge you to accede to our wishes. The plan adopted by the brethren is, that a portion of us shall assume the payment of the subscription, which will amount to six hundred and fifty dollars, perhaps more. If this were contrasted with the amount subscribed heretofore for the same object, it would show what we wish you to appreciate—the ardent feelings of the church on the subject. . . .

"Brother Tinsley having resigned, and being anxious to travel, we desire you to come immediately, should it suit your convenience, and you kindly determine to settle among us. . . . .

"If your health will not allow you to engage at once in active labour, (and this you should jealously take care of,) you will be able, and we shall be glad to help you, to spend much of the summer in riding about the mountains, or in visiting the Virginia springs. Brother! the matter is now before you. May we not hope that our wishes are soon to be gratified? These are not selfish feelings only; they are induced by a conviction that the cause of our Redeemer will be more certainly advanced by yourself than by any one of our acquaintance.

"We are, very truly, your brethren,

W. P. FARISH,

ALEX. POPE ABELL."

The following is from a highly respectable member of the congregation, his lady being a member of the church:—

"Charlottsville, May 15, 1842.

"ESTEEMED FRIEND,—

"Your kind favour of the ninth instant, came safe to hand. It gave us much pleasure to hear of your safe arrival at your journey's end, and also to hear of your health being improved after having visited us awhile. Knowing that you must have had a very fatiguing time to go, not only the distance, but in such bad weather, my wife and myself thought of you often, and, especially, when Sabbath came, whether you had got to Danbury, and whether you were preaching on that day. I am pleased to hear of the manner you speak of that charming little town, as to its beauty, society, &c., but, as to the climate, I agree with you, it is *too cold*. I hope Providence may direct you to one more congenial to your health and constitution, say, for instance, Charlottsville! . . . . .

"I understand that the church intend to write to you as soon as an opportunity offers, which, I expect, will be in a few days. Mr. Farish received a letter from your brother A., of Philadelphia, yesterday, speaking of your passing that place, and that all was well. . . . . .

"My wife joins in affectionate respect to you: please accept the same from yours, sincerely,

JOHN VOWLES."

Having arrived at Charlottsville, it appeared that a kind Providence had thus ordered it, although his

health was feeble, yet the field upon which he had entered was evidently ripe for the harvest; much good seed had been sown by his respected predecessor; the tender blades began to appear, and now the ripening grain. Others had been sowing, he had now entered into their labours. Immediately he began to see the fruit. Inquirers were multiplied, souls were converted, and many, in a few months, were added to the church. He was, by co-operation and by grace, remarkably sustained in the work. He afterwards said, that without faithful brethren in the church, who were to him Aarons and Hurs, he could not have performed the amount of labour required. As to his views of the settlement, labour, and success which followed him in Charlottsville, we refer to his correspondence, of which we give the following extract:—

"Charlottsville, October, 1842.

"My Dear Brother,—

"You may have been disappointed in not receiving a letter from me sooner. I have neglected it for two very good reasons. My time was very much occupied by the calling of friends, and on account of my precarious health, I was desirous to make you a report from trial and experience. I will give a narrative. After leaving you, the last Tuesday in September, I met with the eldest son of Rev. E. Galusha, on the steam-boat, whom I was pleased to see, having formed an attachment from previous association. We were several years fellow-students. He solicited me to stop in Baltimore, and

spend the night with him. I cheerfully consented. On arriving there, about one o'clock, A. M., I was very much fatigued and needed rest. The remainder of the night I slept sweetly, and, in the morning, arose very much refreshed. After breakfast, I called on some of my acquaintances in the city, found them well, and, from a short visit with brother S. P. Hill, pastor of the First Church, I learned that his, and also the church of which brother G. F. Adams is pastor, were enjoying a very interesting revival. The Sabbath previous, brother Hill baptized twenty-six. . . . .

"My calls were rather short, but pleasing to myself, and apparently so to my friends. All seemed delighted to know that my health was so far restored, and also with the prospect of my settling south, where they thought it probable that my health would be confirmed. I bid them all farewell with their best wishes on my head. At four in the evening I took the cars, and, at six, reached Washington, where I spent the night with a Baptist family from the north; the mother and daughter were members of a church that I served while at the institution. But I was obliged to leave them early next morning, so, on the evening, I took leave of them and retired, and, with the first light in the gray east, I left my bed for the boat. Soon, I was borne rapidly along the calm surface of the Potomac. The light of the morning sun, throwing his smiling beams over hills, lawn, and river, seemed to impart to them golden beauty, which quite ravished my gaze. The passen-

gers were not numerous, though sufficiently so to give a lively interest to the scene. Among these were Judge Elliot, Mexican minister, and Judge Tucker and family, professor of law in the university of Virginia; both pleasant men. With the latter I formed a partial acquaintance, as we were both bound for the same place. Down the river our ride was delightful, but, when we took coach at the creek for Fredericksburg, we were about to encounter another and a more unpleasant influence. The dust was suffocating, and, when we reached the depot, there must have been much less on the road, for our clothes were heavily loaded. About three in the afternoon, we reached the junction, where we remained until seven next morning. Then we took the cars for Gordonville, fifty-one miles; thence stage twenty-two miles, to Charlottsville. It was the gathering of the students at the university, and several were with us; some with whom I became acquainted were very agreeable, though none of our company were professedly pious. It occurred to me that those young men were perverting the object of their existence!—acquiring an education only to signalize themselves in the world. But how much happier they would be, and how much more good they could do, were they only pious, and so disposed to benefit man and glorify God. I reached the place of my destination on Friday, about four o'clock, P. M. I met several of the brethren at the stage-house, and was soon pleasantly escorted to the residence of brother A. P. Abell, with whom I now

board. My study is an office, separate from his house, about eighteen feet square; here I think, study, and sleep. I am happily situated, and every thing is done by this warm-hearted, zealous people to make me comfortable, that is desirable. I preached on Sabbath morning; the congregation is large, and in the afternoon, three were baptized. The church is prosperous. During the week, I visited some and studied some, and yesterday morning I preached to a very large congregation. I preached but once on the Sabbath; the attention was good and the audience seemed solemn. There are now about five and twenty coloured people who are hopefully converted, waiting for baptism; the larger part of them have been received as candidates. This morning I can say, with pleasure, that my health is much better than it has been during the last year. May the Lord increase my strength and confirm my health. This field of labour is extensive. Much remains and needs to be done. The people here often speak of you, and ask anxiously about your health. Our situation seems to demand a special effort, and the thought that you can be obtained to labour here a few weeks pleases them very much.

"Write to me soon. My love to you all,

D. H. GILLETTE."

"Charlottsville, Virginia, October 24, 1842.

"DEAR MRS. ELY,—

"It affords me much pleasure to write to you, on several accounts. I can address you as one for whom I have a very high esteem, founded upon the

best reasons. It may seem to you that I have slighted you; but, be assured, if I have, it is not because I designed it, nor was it in my heart; and if I ever neglect to write to you as soon as I ought, it is because of the duties pressing upon me. Your attention and kindness to me are not only worthy of my regard and thanks, but they deserve blessings, and shall have them in all due proportion. Now I will begin my story. I left New Jersey much cast down. O! it was hard to part so long, and perhaps, yea, very possible, for ever, with friends who are near and very dear. I reached Philadelphia, and found brother Abraham very ill, but getting a little better. . . . . There I spent the Sabbath, and preached, and, on Tuesday, I left; spent the next night in Baltimore, the second in Washington, and the third in the eastern part of this state, and the fourth in this place, much fatigued, though rather better than when I left you. I preached once on the Sabbath: three were baptized. I have preached once each Sabbath to an increasing assembly, and yesterday, being the fourth in the month, our meeting-house, (being nearly the size of yours,) would not hold the people. I baptized one, and gave the right hand of fellowship to twelve. There are about thirty ready for baptism. Many of our white assembly, embracing the better part of the community, are very solemn and anxious. O! that I was able to preach more to them; I believe the Lord would pour out his Spirit here and convert many. I design to have a continuous meeting soon,

and hope I may have my brother A. to be with and help me. I anticipate a good work. I wish you were here; the people are those warm-hearted, every-day-alike people you love, and their manner in meetings would suit you. To sing, talk, and pray, is the joy of their souls. I could not be more pleasantly situated—nothing in their power is left undone to make me useful and happy. Besides the seven hundred dollars they pay me, I have received valuable presents. But what are earthly treasures compared with good health, and the grace and love of God in the soul? I am very glad to hear that Rahway has been blessed and the church there revived. I love many there; I must, I cannot do otherwise. Their kindness to me and devotion to the cause, won my affections, and I desire to see them a large and happy people. M. A. W. was there, as she said, and I was happy to know that the Lord converted her by his Spirit. She has often, nearly always, from childhood, been a subject of conviction, and when I have been speaking to her of my own feelings, would weep, and assign as a reason for so doing, that she had no religion! O! how much I feel for her; will you not pray for her? She wrote to me that she had resolved to seek the Lord till she found him. May he hear and answer her prayer,—help her to make a valuable decision, to be on the Lord's side. There are very great revivals in this state; one association received, by baptism, the last year, nearly eight thousand. What encouragements to serve, love, and praise God!

"My health is very much improved,—better now than it has been for a year. May the Lord confirm it. I hope to hear from you soon.—You shall hear from me again, bye and bye. I am more happy than I expected to be. If the Lord is willing, I shall visit my friends next spring.

"I am your servant and brother,

D. H. GILLETTE."

"Charlottsville, November 30, 1842.

"DEAR BROTHER,—

"I received your very kind epistle, after anxiously waiting a long time, but upon the perusal of it, required no other apology, than your ill health, and absence from home. You have my deepest sympathy, for your afflictions have been far beyond all I anticipated on leaving you. There was upon my mind no doubt that you would very soon be preaching again, but it seems that the Lord looks upon things very differently from ourselves, and happy is it for us if we can know that he does all things well. —I hope you may very soon be able to preach. I cannot tell you how the people here were disappointed when the intelligence came that you could not visit us; their minds were fixed upon it. We have been prospered since I saw you; we have received about fifteen white and thirty black members; the assemblies are good; we feel it duty to have a series of meetings, though the season is rather unfavourable; snow fell last night about six inches deep, and the country population is so sparse, that it is very difficult for them to attend, but we can de-

pend upon the town, and have another meeting when it may be more pleasant for the country. We design to commence next Sabbath, with brother J. B. Taylor, of Richmond, and J. L. Magoon. I hope they will come.

"You ask after my health, and with pleasure I can tell you it is very much improved: with the exception of occasional weakness I am quite well. I preach every Sabbath morning, lecture at night, also on Wednesday evening, and visit some. The friends do all in their power to make me happy and successful in my labours among them.

"My love to all the friends.

"Yours, D. H. GILLETTE."

"Charlottsville, December 11, 1842.

"DEAR BROTHER,—

"I received your welcome epistle on Saturday evening, and was happy to learn that your health was improving and your church had so well endured, though you for a long time have been sick, and unable to serve them. Doubtless you have learned by experience now that man is a very frail piece of creation, able to sustain but a slight shock unmoved, and, when once shaken, it seems that we can never again become firm. By theory we know how frail we are, but we seem to attach the thought to all others, till the wind of destruction blows upon our tenement; then, indeed, we feel that a little opposing force, put into action by Divine power and skill can very soon demolish these mud walls which we hitherto may have thought ourselves very secure in tenanting.

"I have been so powerfully assailed, that when I am aware of no unfavourable symptoms, I still tread with trembling and caution.—I have always known that I must die, but since the attack of last winter, the effect of which I yet feel, and always expect to, death has seemed very near to me. . . . . At the close of one week I think, well, I am yet alive; but at the end of another week I may be gone! The thought of my visible mortality prevents me from planning for the future; however, it does not make me unhappy, for I am resigned, I think, to the will of the Lord. . . . .

"My health is now much better than once I expected it ever would be; it is not rapidly improving; I never expect to recover entirely. It is an embarrassment in my labours, yet I succeed better than I anticipated. Our assemblies are very good, and we have had an accession of forty, since I came here. Our meeting did not begin last week on account of the storm; we design commencing on Wednesday night, if the weather will allow. Brethren Taylor and Magoon are expected to help us. . . . . We were much disappointed in not having you; but another time may do as well, if not better."

It is a true saying, we know not the value of health until deprived of it, and, when afflicted ourselves we then feel for others' woes. Our young soldier of the cross learned, by experience, that afflictions were grievous to be borne, though they were in mercy sent, and that it required grace and wisdom to be at all times reconciled to his frail condition.

Prosperity was in appearance at hand, both spiritual and temporal,—but, alas! the want of good health was always presenting discouragements and fears. Instead of rejoicing at others' woes, he deeply lamented the condition of those who were thus afflicted, especially his ministering brethren; but, in the midst of all his trials, he was always ready to say, "Let the will of the Lord be done."

He was often heard to say, when by his friends advised to refrain from the work of the ministry, that if he could do good in any way it was in preaching, and he had no desire to live, only that he might be useful to his kindred clay.

Flattering prospects of the future have a tendency to form strong attachments to earth. Immediately upon entering this new and promising field, prosperity attended him in all his movements. While he saw his ministry blessed to the conversion of sinners, he flattered himself, that his health was rapidly improving,—but, in the latter, he was evidently deceived.

However severe our afflictions, it is well; yes, it is very well! The Judge of all the earth does right. Notwithstanding our repinings,—repinings! no! we will not repine. It was best our brother should be afflicted, both for us, for him, and for the cause. This we must allow. Do we see it thus? O what poor, ungrateful, short-sighted worms are we! We will submit, and if we do not see it thus while on earth, when we get to heaven, we shall see that God's ways and wisdom were infinitely better than ours.

It is common for us to suppose that we must die; but to bring death near, to believe that we must die soon, is generally revolting to our feelings. For a long time the sermons of the subject of this memoir were as the sermons of one who was conscious that he was rapidly doing up his work for eternity. He preached and prayed as though every sermon and service were his last—as though he were delivering to his people his dying charge. His heart-touching appeals to the unconverted, was an evidence that he intended to clear his garments of their blood. He evidently lived near to God in his meditations, hence his preaching had a power in it, a power that is seen only in that minister who is "filled with the Spirit." Many precious souls, we trust, will bless God for ever that they were brought under his solemn ministry; and that it was made a means of their conversion from sin to spiritual hope and joy. He was labouring to fulfil the ministry in which the Holy Ghost had put him, caring but little for the things that perish, but aiming and striving for those things which are eternal, at the right hand of God, even pleasures, crowns, and sceptres which are for evermore.

'Sweet are the gifts which gracious Heaven
On true believers pours;
But the best gift is grace to know
That Jesus Christ is ours.

Our Jesus! what rich drops of bliss
Descend in copious showers,
When ruined sinners, such as we,
By faith can call him ours!

Differ we may in age and state,
Learning and mental powers,
But all the saints may join and shout,
Dear Jesus! thou art ours.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

REVIVAL—MARRIAGE.

"Charlottsville, Jan. 17th, 1843.

"NEARLY four months have elapsed since the last date in my memorandum. It has pleased my heavenly Father to spare my life, to restore in a measure my enfeebled health. One year ago this night I was prostrate with sickness, from which I was not expected to recover. Then with shattered bleeding lungs not able to speak; but now I am able again to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. Why has God spared me? For his glory? I hope so; but how little have I done for him, though he has been so merciful and kind to me! I am very happy in this my new relation, though a stranger in a strange land; yet the Lord has given me his smiles, and caused his pleasure to prosper in my hands. It is indeed cheering that he will so honour such feeble and unworthy instrumentality. Many among us have recently been converted to GOD, and added to the church, and my earnest prayer is that the number may be increased. Thirty coloured persons and twelve whites have been baptized into the fellowship of the church since I came here, October, 1842. May God help me to live more exclusively for him.

I am sometimes a little lonely, in view of my distant removal from my dearly beloved friends; I have a Friend who 'sticketh closer than a brother;' him may I love with all my heart. At times death seems at the door. And when it seems so near then I feel better prepared to meet it. It helps me to preach, it kindles my soul. I can appeal to others as if standing on the edge of the grave. I desire to be useful while I live. O Lord, thou art worthy of all homage; to thee would I give my heart: forgive my sins! for Jesus' sake, and save me in thy kingdom. AMEN."

"Charlottsville, Jan. 31st, 1843.

DEAR BROTHER,—Your welcome message came to hand in due time, and by it I was admonished of what my conscience often reproved me, but I excused myself for not writing on account of multiplied duties; the interesting state of my church, of which I wished to give you a full and fair account. A more pleasing work of grace I have never seen, or one more serviceable to a church and satisfactory to the people. We have been baptizing from the first of my residence here. During October, we baptized five, and the next month about thirty. About Christmas we felt it our duty to consecrate more time to the Lord, and invited some ministering brethren to our aid, but they could not come. We began a series of prayer meetings, and at the first the Lord was with us, there were soon about twelve happy conversions of a very interesting character, and many more inquiring the way of life; the con-

verts were soon baptized, but being rather exhausted and fearful that my improving health might again suddenly fail, we suspended meetings every night, for a time; but the inquiry, what must I do? induced us to resume, and very soon several almost miraculous conversions occurred. Week before last on Thursday, Brother J. B. Taylor, of Richmond, came to us, and spent one week. His kind spirit, simple clear gospel sermons were blessed to us all, and by the welcome service of brother Fife, from the country, we have been able to continue our meetings every night, and sometimes during the day, till the present. The number of conversions I am unable to tell. Many are anxious. The work has not yet stopped, though now it rains, and the weather seems unfavourable: still the Spirit we need not quench. Many of these additions have been valuable, bringing into our ranks those who had not been accustomed to attend meetings with us: some of them are among the most respectable of our citizens. We have candidates to baptize next Sabbath. Last Sabbath week I baptized a young married couple, who were brought up methodists, and sprinkled in infancy. Their father is a minister. I have baptized one Episcopal young lady, who is a niece of President Harrison. The excitement among the Pedo-baptists is beyond any thing I ever saw, or heard of. Our house is crowded in fair weather, and the ingathering is mainly with us. Truth prevails. We have three times the number of members that any other church have, and with prudence and piety

nothing can harm us. I have nothing to do with controversy, I make no allusion to others in my sermons, but preach the truth as it is in Jesus. We have baptized since I came here fifty, received about fifteen by letter. Though we cease now for a few days, yet we design to resume our efforts again for the salvation of souls shortly. I wish you could be with me about one month. My health is good, for poor me. I am able to preach without much difficulty, though I am obliged to be cautious."

"I am quite happy the Lord has crowned the labours of my hands, poor as they are. We need a larger and better meeting-house; the brethren talk of building: they are abundantly able. They ought to build, and no doubt will soon.

"My love to all.

D. H. GILLETTE."

"Charlottsville, Va. Feb. 24th, 1843.

"DEAR BROTHER WALTER,—

"I received your kind letter in due time; I would have answered it sooner, had not other duties forbid. I have often heard from your vicinity, and knew quite well how you all are. It cheered my heart to hear what God has done and is yet doing for yourself and others.

"The churches in Plainfield I hear have been much refreshed, and many added to them.

"May the leaven spread through all that country the world over, and fill it with the glory of God. I also learn that your flock are enjoying mercy drops. I hope they may multiply to an abundant shower, that many souls may be given you for the Lord.

"I wish you could have been with me this winter. We have enjoyed a revival from the first of my coming here, but I have had no help except about two weeks: we have held constant prayer-meetings. I have preached what I could for several weeks. Many were the most interesting conversions I ever witnessed. More when I had no help, than when I had. Could you have been here about two months, it is very probable that some hundreds would have been born again, but my feeble health would not allow me to labour much. I should have written for you, but about that time I heard that you had gone to west Jersey. We should have paid you well for it, and the Lord would have paid you better. Since I came out here we have baptized about fifty-five, and have some twenty more candidates, many asking what they must do to be saved. I am very happy here, my health is better than I once expected it ever would be.

"I wish you might come to this country, there is such a field for usefulness, and you would like the people so well.

"I shall be at your place about the twentieth of April, should the Lord allow. Hold yourself ready for any lawful or ministerial action, as we now expect to be married about the twenty-sixth of April. You and yours must be with us.

"D. H. GILLETTE."

"Charlottsville, Feb. 24th, 1843.

"DEAR SISTER ELY,

"I did not design to be so long silent when I last wrote, but my duties have been so numerous and im-

perative that I have been obliged to defer. Let this pass for one omission. I have frequently heard from your vicinity, and the intelligence has been very cheering. It does my soul good to hear of the glorious work of God among you, in converting souls and in building up that church. I believe God has destined to have many people in that town. We cannot call any people God's people in every sense of the word, except they obey all his commands, and what people do this so nearly as the Baptists? I hope the time is not distant when that church will be large and influential, but very much depends upon her members. How much piety Baptists need, for they meet with much opposition. They require the Spirit and power of God to sustain them. I most fervently pray that brother Breed, your pastor, may do you all much good and win many souls to Christ. May God help him. I have heard and am made to rejoice in the work of grace at Samptown and that vicinity; especially that one dear to me has been a sharer. God has converted her soul. I never saw a better spirit than she breathed after professing conversion, in the letter she wrote me. This has kindled a bright spot in my future prospects.

"I have a regard for you far superior to that of a common friend. As I have often said, you are my *mother*, *sister* and *friend*, and in due regard to all these relations, I still feel a high esteem for you. My health is much improved, yes, nearly, but not quite perfect. I preach without interruption, and the blessings God has been pleased to give us, tend much to encourage and elevate my mind. I have never

been more happy than this winter, though at times very lonely, being so far from those friends I love so well: but God has been with me, and this has been a full compensation.

"We have had a revival nearly all the time since I came here. Our congregations are overflowing when the weather will allow. I think I never had more of the holy unction in preaching; my sickness has been sanctified. I look upon death as my next door neighbour. What I do must be done quickly, though I now feel so well; yet I cannot and I hope I may never forget the time when over me you so fondly bent; watched my throbbing pulse, beating heart, and apparently waning life: and though God blessed the means and has so far restored me, yet life now seems as it never did before, a mere vapour, a cloud, a shadow, and my desire is to improve it for the glory of God.

"O! how happy you would have been with us; such conversions! the burdens would roll off from those who had long been mourning, and so great the change that during service passing from death unto life, they would *shout aloud and praise God.*

"We need much grace; we have about four hundred members. I expect to see you in about eight weeks, if the Lord will; should any thing compel us to alter our plans, you shall know it in season.

"Love to your family and the friends generally, while,

"I am as ever yours,

D. H. GILLETTE."

MEMORANDUM.

March 24.

"It has pleased God to prolong my life to the thirtieth year. I have long lived, but apparently done little good. It is nearly six months since I came here, and, unworthy as I am, the Lord has blessed my feeble efforts to the salvation of many souls. Since I have settled we have baptized sixty-six, and there are many waiting to follow the example of their blessed Lord.

I have been quite ill the last few weeks, much afflicted with a cold, which produced a violent cough; I am much better. I have little to live for but the glory of God, and if it please him, I hope yet to be able to point many souls to the Lamb that taketh away the sin of the world.

"I hope I may soon see this whole region moved by the Holy Ghost, and multitudes converted: for I feel that the coming of my Lord draweth nigh. May all be ready.

"O Lord, may I watch and pray that I enter not into temptation. Give me thy Spirit and grace, that at last I may enter upon the rest that remaineth for the people of God. *Amen.*"

The young lady to whom he had given his warmest affections, and to whom he was married, according to the following record by himself, was Miss Mary Ann Wells, daughter of Mr. George and Mrs. Mary Wells, recently of New York, now of Plainfield, Essex County, New Jersey, worthy members, formerly in Gold Street, New York, now of the first Baptist Church in Plainfield, under the pastoral care of Rev. S. J. Drake.

He writes in his memorandum book as follows:

"Charlottsville, June 12th, 1843.

"Since my last record, I have not been able to realize all I then anticipated. My poor health had been improving, and it seemed that before this time I should have been restored.

"But God has ordered otherwise. I am yet feeble, and have been since the second week in March. I have a severe cough, and have been attacked several times with spitting of blood, which is rather an alarming symptom. But in all this I feel resigned to the will of the Lord, who cannot do amiss.

"I am improving, however, and have for the last five weeks preached once on each Sabbath. I hope it is the Lord's pleasure, that soon I may be able to preach twice on the Sabbath. On the 25th of April I left this place for the north. I reached New Jersey on the 28th, and on the 4th of May, I was married by my brother, Rev. Walter B. Gillette, to a lady whom I had long and tenderly loved. We spent several weeks in visiting friends, and returned to this place June 7th. We are both quite happy in this new relation, and in this new field of labour, and nothing but the want of confirmed health, prevents my being almost perfectly happy. Since we returned thirty-six have been baptized and others are also ready. I find it, indeed, very difficult to enjoy my mind in religion so much when afflicted as when I am well, but no doubt this serves as a restraint; for were I perfectly well, and prospered, I might become proud, and forget GOD.

"O may such never be the case! never, no never;

when away from his throne, all is darkness; but when there all is light and glorious.

"It is my prayer that I may glorify God in all things. Sometimes I think my work nearly done. If so, may I at last exhibit the salutary influence of Christianity."

After this young couple's marriage they spent a few days in visiting their friends, in New Jersey, and then went to Washington Co., New York, the place of his birth, to visit his aged mother and two sisters who reside in that vicinity. Their stay was short; the cold, damp, north winds of May evidently affected his diseased lungs, which made him very anxious to return south; and he could never content himself in idleness, when he was satisfied that in any place God had a work for him to do. He had left a promising field, without any laborer to fill his place: to it he was anxious to return.

They soon bade their loving friends farewell, and started for their home in the south in good spirits, and with flattering prospects, where as we shall soon see they safely arrived.

"Charlottsville, June, 1843.

"Dear Brother A.

"After leaving you we were safely conveyed to Washington. The next morning we took steamboat. The cool breeze of the day and night previous had not yet subsided; we were pierced with a chilling atmosphere all the way down the Potomac, though on the whole the sail was rather interesting, especially so to Mary, as this was her first tour south. But when we entered the cars, the heat began to be more

perceptible, and before reaching Richmond, it was very oppressive.

"By this time I was much exhausted; we found a hearty welcome, however, and good quarters: every thing was done to make us happy. I was frequently invited to preach and participate in other interests and services of the association.

"Three afternoons I kept my bed. After an harmonious close of the meeting the previous night, myself and wife left on Wednesday morning, and reached here in the afternoon of the same day. We were welcomed home with much cordiality, and found matters pleasant both in church and society.

"Last Lord's day thirty-five were baptized, and became members of the church; others are waiting for an opportunity to follow the same example. Since last October we have received one hundred and thirty. I have preached the last two Lord's days, and my health seems much improved. I preach but once in the week, and in the morning.

"The citizens have been very attentive indeed. Mary has no time to be home-sick, or lonely. Her attention has been totally absorbed; we have visited Monticello, where she viewed the world with feelings of rapture; to-day we have been into the country, to Mr. Farish's, where we enjoyed a very pleasant visit in a very romantic spot. She is much pleased and seems quite happy, indeed much more so than I anticipated. This is a beautiful country. It would do you good to be here now and revel in the rich scenery, and our other good things. But alas! these are vanity.—Yours,

"D. H. GILLETTE."

EXTRACTS.

"I hesitated very much about going north; but the thought that I might never again see my beloved mother induced me to encounter all obstacles, and make, at least, a passing visit. Be assured that it would have given me more pleasure to have visited you, than any other person, except my mother and sisters; but such were circumstances that it became impracticable. Before going North the weather was unpleasant, and my health very delicate; after we returned time would not allow. You must not think that we have no love for you. There is no mortal except a near relative for whom I have so great regard as for yourself. I shall never forget you, nor can I think of you with any feeling except of deep affection. It was you who stood by my side, smoothed my pillow, and administered consolation and relief. I looked upon you as an angel of mercy, and the thought of that time yet burns in my memory—can I forget you? As soon could I forget the mother who gave me birth. May you long live and do as you have done. I hope we may meet again. I hope you will visit us. You would be happy here. Mary and I often speak of you. We left New Jersey on Wednesday, June 1st, when a mother and daughter, and also a father learned something of the pain of parting for a time. That day we reached Philadelphia, found brother and family well; we left them on Friday, and on Saturday evening reached the city of Richmond and attended the anniversaries of Virginia. The next Wednesday morning we left and reached here in the afternoon. My health is

somewhat improved. I have preached every Sabbath since I returned. My cough has been very severe till within the last few days it is much decreased, and I hope it may pass off; for it is a great affliction, and I could not have endured it much longer. But God doeth all things well. My general health seems much better.

"Mary is much pleased with the country and people here.

"I heard of the death of Jonathan Ross, and am pleased to know that he left life, rejoicing in Christ.

"Who is your preacher? Give my love to your dear family, and all other friends,—and know that as ever,

"I am your sincere friend,

D. H. GILLETTE."

"Charlottsville, August 28th, 1843.

"DEAR BROTHER WALTER,

"Do not think I have forgotten you, though so long silent. I would have written sooner, but I knew that you must often hear from us through Mr. Wells, as Mary often writes to her mother.

"We had a safe and pleasant trip south, spent two nights and one day in Philadelphia, and three days in Richmond. One week from the day we left New Jersey, we were here. I became much fatigued, but after resting some days, I was refreshed and improved. The weather has been almost insufferably warm: many days have been from ten to fifteen degrees hotter than I ever before experienced. A great drought prevailed here in July, and threatened to destroy the

crops, but the rains of August have brought them to life and verdure again.

"I have rode much on horseback, among the hills, and my health has improved, though my cough yet troubles me. I have preached every Lord's day once, and find myself stronger at every succeeding service.

"Last week was our Association. The business was done in the meeting-house, the preaching and devotional services were in a grove. I preached once to about two thousand people. It was my first sermon in the bushes. I think I sustained no injury from it. I wish you had been here; it would have done your soul good to see and to preach to so many attentive listeners. An arbour was made very large, to break off the sun, and a very good pulpit was reared at one end of it.

"This Association has received by baptism the last year more than eight hundred souls, and our church one hundred and twenty-eight, being more than any other church of the Association.

"I understand by letter from Rahway, that they have called a Brother Rollinson to become their pastor. I hope that he will do them good—I was pleased that they sent me his fourth of July Oration.

"Yours affectionately,

D. H. GILLETTE."

"Charlottsville, Sep. 18th, 1843.

"DEAR BROTHER A.,

"It is rather out of character that I have not written before, but just consider when once a man is married then he takes a little world upon his shoulders;

and to manage its affairs skilfully is the height of his ambition, and future prosperity depends much upon the outset.

"Our congregations are large and attentive to the word, but few seem to feel properly for poor sinners. I hope it will not be so long.

"I have been all summer an afflicted man, and must expect to be through life—be it long or short. I have been able to preach but once a week, and not able to attend any of their prayer-meetings. I have suffered much, but the Lord has sustained me, and my spirits have not failed. I have looked on the brightest side of the scene.

"The past has been a happy year for this church; the most so it ever knew. Its members have increased one third, its congregation is about twice as large as formerly. This week will close my first year with them: they are more able and prosperous every way than when I came here.

"The season has been very warm, and it is so to-day. This is a lovely country. I have been much among the farmers: I expect we shall go out to-morrow and spend a few days.

"Your affectionate brother,

D. H. GILLETTE."

As the cool weather commenced, and the damp winds of autumn began to blow, they affected him very visibly: his cough increased, attended with much weakness and debility. His friends, fearing that the cold winter as it approached would prove fatal to him, advised him to go farther south, to spend a few months. This was a severe trial: he

was much attached to the people in Virginia and the place. There he had seen the pleasure of the Lord prosper through his instrumentality. And now to leave and take a long tedious journey, far south among strangers, in his feeble state of health, required much fortitude and decision; but after making it a subject of prayer and consulting with some skilful physicians, he concluded to go, and trust to Providence for the result; as he writes in the following letter.

"Nov. 17th, 1843.

"DEAR BROTHER A,—

"My health is much the same as when I last wrote to you. I have a very bad cough, and expectorate profusely. I preach once each week, and have done so all the summer. I do not think it injures me. The church appear to be much attached to me, and are willing to do any thing for my comfort, as you will discover from this. They are very anxious for my health, and have offered to aid me in any way to improve it. The winter winds here are very strong, and to escape them, they have advised me to spend the winter farther south, with the offer that my salary shall continue for my support. This is truly liberal. I have finally resolved to comply, and will now tell you my prospects and plans. I design to spend the winter with my wife in the city of Mobile, Alabama. The Baptist church there was bereft of its pastor in September. I know some of its members. They ascertaining that I thought of going south, sent me a letter last evening, requesting me to visit them. They say that my expenses shall

be met, at all events, and if I am able to supply them, I shall be well rewarded.

"My first object in visiting them is the improvement of health. It is said to be a fine winter climate, fanned by constant south winds, from the gulf of Mexico. I do not go with the design of leaving this church, it would grieve them if they thought so, and I *love them too devotedly to give them undue anxiety.*

"I would be happy to see you before leaving, but it is getting cold and stormy, and if I go this season, I must start soon as possible. It seems strange that I am obliged to resort to so many ways for my health. 'But all that a man hath will he give for his life.'

"If seasonable, I shall leave next week for Mobile. Soon after I arrive I will write to you. Your esteemed brother, D. H. GILLETTE."

"Charlottsville, Virginia, Nov. 20th, 1842.

"MY VERY DEAR FATHER-IN-LAW,

"Though this is the first time I have written to you since our marriage, yet the delay has not been from want of due filial regard, nor because it would have afforded me no pleasure: circumstances have been of such a nature that it seemed hardly requisite for me to write to you sooner. Your beloved daughter I knew was a faithful correspondent with her dear mother, and knowing that she would not fail to tell you all about myself, I have left the writing with her till the present.

"But now let me talk a little with you. We are very happily situated: a more beautiful and fertile country I never saw; and one in the enjoyment of

good health has it in his power to be happy, almost to perfection. The people of this town and vicinity are attentive and kind to every possible degree, and cheerfully make every effort to render us comfortable and happy.

"In respect to the church of which I have the honour to be pastor, it is scarcely equalled. I could not wish a people more devoted, and attached to myself and wife. It seems to be their study to make us contented, useful, and happy. I have abundant reason for gratitude to my heavenly Father, for casting my lot among them.

"The last year with me presents a very chequered scene. I have been much afflicted with sickness, and blessed with some health, and much prosperity in Zion. During the last year we have baptized one hundred and thirty into the fellowship of the church. Attention to the gospel which I have presented in much weakness, has been exceedingly good.

"Nothing on the part of the people has occurred of which I could complain; and certainly I cannot murmur against God, let him deal with me as he may.

"I have preached once each week during the season thus far, and feel better than I did a few weeks since; but I am still afflicted with a perplexing cough, which I feel extremely anxious to remove. I have been advised by the church to spend the coming winter farther south: they are so desirous that I may become entirely well, that they offer to let me go the whole winter where I may enjoy a warm climate. They will continue my salary as

though I were serving them. I have resolved to do so. With this step my dear wife perfectly agrees; and though we are both reluctant to leave so pleasant a home for six months, yet we have no doubt that we shall find warm-hearted friends, even in the distant south.

"I have been urgently invited to visit the city of Mobile in Alabama, situated on a branch of the gulf of Mexico. The first Baptist church there has no pastor; he died last September. They press me to visit them: I shall do so, if the Lord will. We design to start this week: it will be about seven days' journey, and is about twelve hundred miles. I do not go to become their pastor; my object is the improvement of my health; and indeed this church would not be willing to release me but for a season. I trust to the providence of God for my future course. I have thus far been prospered, and hope I may continue to be to the close of my life.

"Myself and dear wife often speak of yourself, mother, Adelia and the boys. It would afford us pleasure to see you. Though we cannot now meet, we can hold sweet converse by letter, and learn how you are. We never forget you at the throne of Grace, praying that in advanced life, you may both be strong in the faith of Christ, and well prepared by grace for all that awaits you.

"Mary is well, and apparently happy. She is quite useful in the church, and much esteemed. She joins me in love to you all. You shall hear from us soon after we reach our place of destination.

"Your attached son, D. H. GILLETTE."

Alas! how uncertain is the future. Faintly hoping that a more southern climate would be of use to his health, and influenced by the persuasion of friends; our dear brother prepared to leave Charlottsville, to whose people he was strongly attached. Indeed, there was a variety of reasons why his fond heart should linger around that beautiful place, and those zealous disciples and friends, who had ever proved from his first coming among them their unfeigned love for him and his.

Great success had attended his ministry: many had been by him there won to Christ, who looked to him as a spiritual teacher and guide. The very place was hallowed to him; but "we have here no continuing city or abiding place." Nov. 24th, he and his young wife took leave for Mobile, Alabama. They journeyed most of the long distance by stage, and passed through the principal cities of the southern states. After two weeks' exposure to fatigue, and wet, they arrived, strangers among strangers, but were soon convinced that they were surrounded by those "who were made nigh by the blood of Christ."

Here a new scene was before him; all was uncertain; whether he should be strengthened to labour, or find an early grave; but he seemed prepared for either, and was willing to live for his Master's glory; believing that to live was Christ, and to die would be gain: he would often say, however, that he "had a desire to depart, and be with Christ, which was far better."

Our young but sorely wounded soldier of the cross was now in a southern commercial city, at the

busiest season; he saw iniquity abounding, and souls pressing towards ruin, and few to warn them of danger, or point them to Christ; to these he longed for strength to publish the gospel of the kingdom with power from on high. He had not laboured long in any one place, yet every where success had marvellously crowned his feeble efforts: this encouraged him to believe that if here he could preach, here also would prosperity follow.

A few months before, his brother A. D. Gillette, pastor of the Eleventh Baptist Church, Philadelphia, had been unanimously elected Chaplain to the Virginia University at Charlottsville, with some prospect of his accepting the important trust. Daniel had hoped for it, ardently desiring that in the event of his own failure, his brother would be able to preach once on Lord's day for the church, the University requiring but one service. Protracted illness during the last year, had kept that brother four months from pastoral privileges among the people of his charge, and the nine months' additional absence consequent upon the acceptance of the Chaplaincy, was too long a separation to suit his own, or the feelings of the dear people, between whom and himself an attachment for several years had been steadily maturing. All that had been hoped by this arrangement, was soon realized in the unanimous election, and speedy acceptance to that office, of the author of the following lines, which as our young brother would be journeying where he was not known, the Chaplain kindly placed at his disposal.

"University of Virginia, Nov. 20, 1843.

"Learning that the Rev. D. H. Gillette, pastor of the Baptist church in Charlottsville, contemplates visiting the south this winter for the benefit of his health, it gives me sincere pleasure to recommend him to all whom he may meet with, as a Christian brother of *real* worth, and as one who is held in *very high* esteem, by all who know him. It is with the deepest regret that his church and acquaintances part with him; indeed the people of his charge are filled with grief at the necessity of his departure, consenting to his absence only because their solicitude for his welfare outweighs every other feeling or consideration.

"May he find, as he deserves, many true-hearted friends in his absence: but more especially that for which he so reluctantly goes forth, and for which the prayers of his friends will continually ascend, the complete restoration of his health.

"E. G. ROBINSON,
Chaplain of the University of Virginia."

It affords solace to riven and bereft hearts, to be able to give, as an exhibition of the kind feelings of the gentlemen whose names are appended, the following commendatory letters.

"Charlottsville, Virginia, November 23d, 1843.

"Inasmuch as God in his all-wise providence, has laid his afflicting hand on our esteemed and beloved pastor, the Rev. D. H. Gillette, by so far depriving him of health and strength, as to render it necessary for him to seek a milder climate during the ensuing winter; although it is with regret and tears, that we

submit to its dictates, yet we feel that duty demands that we shall assent to the separation until the return of a milder season.

"This is, therefore, to certify that Brother Gillette is a member in full fellowship of the Baptist Church of Charlottsville, Virginia; and to commend him most cordially and affectionately to the kind regards and Christian sympathy of all with whom he may meet.

"As a church we are attached to our beloved brother, not only because of perfect congeniality of views and feelings, but also because of the rich blessings which have followed his labours amongst us; and because he sustains the relation of a spiritual father to many of us. We deeply sympathize with him in his afflictions, and are peculiarly affected by the dispensation of a mysterious but unerring Providence, which deprives us of his labours and counsels. Yet we are happy in the reflection, that we shall mutually share the protection and blessing of our common Lord and Father, who will supply all who faithfully serve him, with 'grace sufficient unto the day.'

"Done in behalf of the church, this 23d day of November, 1843.

ALEX. POPE ABELL,
Church Clerk."

"Richmond, Nov. 27th, 1843.

"This is to certify that the Rev. D. H. Gillette, now on his way to Alabama, is a brother beloved by the churches, and entitled to the confidence and warm Christian regard of all among whom, in his absence

from home, he may be thrown. Having suffered with a tendency to pulmonary affection, he has been advised by physicians and friends to spend the winter in a more genial clime, with the hope that his health may be restored. The church in Charlottsville of this state, have consented to relinquish his pastoral services for a season, expecting him to resume them in the spring.

"I trust, as I doubt not, he will receive a cordial welcome among the brethren at the south. Any favours conferred or attentions shown, will be duly appreciated by him. JAS. B. TAYLOR,

Pastor of 3d Baptist Ch., Richmond, Va."

"I am happy to add my name to the above.

J. B. JETER,

Pastor of 1st Baptist Ch., Richmond, Va."

"Richmond, November 28th, 1843.

"To whom it may concern.

"The bearer hereof, Rev. D. H. Gillette, proposes to spend a few months in the more genial south in search of sounder health. He is a pastor much esteemed by a large and affectionate congregation who have reluctantly submitted to a temporary separation, with the anxious hope that he may soon be confirmed in health and restored to wonted usefulness.

"To Christians in general and to Baptists in particular, I take great pleasure in commending brother Gillette. Any attentions they may render to his comfort, and any solicitude they may manifest for his prosperity, will neither be unworthily bestowed nor ungratefully received. E. L. MAGOON,

Pastor of 2d Baptist Ch., Richmond, Va."

With the foregoing epistles of love and commendation, he was introduced in Mobile. The church had a knowledge of his general character, and at once requested him to supply them for the winter, as he might be able. No sooner had he complied, than they proceeded to plan for his becoming their pastor. He assured them their mutual acquaintance was too superficial to allow of such a step, and was not prepared to entertain the proposal.

His health seemed to increase with moderate exercise, and his lungs to heal by feeding on the balmy breezes which fan that city from the adjacent gulf of Mexico. This gave new life to his unbounded ambition to be useful; and when his appearance indicated scarcely ability enough to walk the short distance to his church or ascend his pulpit, he would, when there, preach as if new vigour and new lungs, yea, and a new spirit had been given him—and it is a strange fact that his cough, which was so distressing at other times, seldom attacked him while leading the solemn services in the sanctuary.

In the subject of our memoir, we see, in strong and lovely light, the solace, peace, and holy joy which true religion administers when earthly enjoyments are withered. What is termed a little religion, if it be any at all, is only enough to keep alive a reproving conscience which our moral deficiencies are supplying with ample means for self-reproach. Much true religion keeps the heart alive, and causes us to drink of the brook by the way. Alas! too much of the spirit of bondage and too little of the spirit of adoption prevails among us. Have we not too much reason to

fear that ours is an emotional religion only, occasionally enjoyed, and that too often realized in spasms, which are produced by the strange fire of a profitless enthusiasm, rather than by the steady flame of patient and untiring devotion?

Our spiritual hero's zeal was ardent, steady, and pure—kindled by faith at the sacrificial altar of Christ as a Lamb that was slain for our sins—like the fire of the ancient temple, it went not out day nor night. How meekly he endured afflictions, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, we learn from his own pen.

"Mobile, December, 1843.

"DEAR BROTHER A.,—

"Two weeks ago last Friday I left Charlottsville; spent Saturday and Sunday in Richmond, supposing a week sufficient time to come here. We came to Macon, Georgia, on Friday night, much fatigued; and conscious that we could not go much farther that week, we resolved to stop till Monday. We found a Baptist church with which we worshipped; and who was the pastor, but one of my fellow students, R. Kendrick, brother of Professor A. Kendrick? I preached for him at evening. My health was a little improved, at all events no worse. Monday morning we left, having six hundred miles before us. Little did I think how tedious a journey awaited me. We reached Montgomery, Thursday night. For size and business, this town is next to Mobile. Here I found another fellow student, a pastor: his prospects were encouraging, though the church is small. Friday evening we started down

the Alabama River, first look on your map and see how crooked it is, then be assured the picture is not false. Death seems to line its banks, or shores I should say, for banks it is nearly destitute of. On either side it has flooded the country, and is generally so during spring and fall. The land is very fertile, produces cotton in great abundance. Few but blacks live there, however, and they die by scores.

"We did not arrive in port till late Sabbath night; so much cotton!—it was stop and load, stop and load; and our bark was nearly sunken with its weight. Monday morning, by the hospitality of a friend, we were lodged in the Waverley hotel, where we shall remain until next week, when we shall go to private boarding.

"Several Baptist friends have called, and given us a very warm reception, and they have made calculations on our arrival. I have not been here a Sabbath yet, so I know but little of them. The population of this city is thirty thousand: it is rather pleasant, and now healthy; though in summer it is a place of sickness and death. I hope this genial climate may restore me: but life and health are in the Lord's hands.

"This is the third day after our arrival, so you see you are not neglected. Write me, and be assured that I am your faithful brother,

D. H. GILLETTE."

"Mobile, Alabama, December 23d, 1843.

"DEAR SISTER ELY,—It affords me pleasure to devote an hour to you. But you are surprised to see

from what city I date. I give you the plain reasons for being here. Since you saw me I have been troubled with my old cough: though it did not lay me aside from duty, yet it caused considerable weakness and debility. During the hot weather I was nearly overpowered; still I worried on, hoping that every succeeding day or week would bring relief: thus I continued till autumn, when returning coolness gave me some increased vigour. I still coughed, though with not much severity, yet it was bad enough, and to get rid of so unpleasant an affection is very desirable. Friends and physicians advised me to spend the winter farther south, where I would entirely escape the cold north winds of winter. My church took an active part in the move, and instead of wishing my salary to stop, proposed to continue it till next June, and pay me in advance. I complied, and on the 24th of Nov., myself and wife started for this distant part, a journey of more than one thousand miles. We reached here after two weeks through wind and rain and mud, which I fearfully expected would make me worse, but I gained strength constantly. We passed through nearly all the cities in the southern states, they are large, commercial, and not a little immoral in character, and generally flourishing. This is a very pretty city, about 30,000 inhabitants, and improving: it is next to New Orleans for business, and is only about two hundred miles distant. Since I have been here my health is improved, and the warm winds from the gulf of Mexico, are very pleasant. It has not frozen any yet, the frogs sing cheerfully, and musketoes bite us at night.

"There is a large Baptist Church here, but it has no pastor: he died in September, with the yellow fever, which raged fearfully here last summer. I have been invited to supply the church. Should this climate agree with my health, I might feel it duty to remain here. There is a large field for usefulness, as also in many other places in the world. Expenses here are very great. Should we remain, and my health allow, we shall visit you next summer. I am anxious to see you all. It did me good to read an account of the ordination of your new pastor. I hope God will bless his labours abundantly, and make you through him a happy and a numerous people. I have a lingering love for that church which time and distance cannot destroy. Tell me how you all get along: be minute. Tell me of your pastor and all others, every thing; yes, every thing. Mary is out riding, she receives much attention; we have many kind friends. O! that we may live long together, and do much good in the world. Let the Lord's will be done. I count but little upon long life. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Give our love to your dear family, and to all the friends in Rahway.

"With strong affection I am your brother in Christ,

D. H. GILLETTE."

Having entered upon this new field of labour in a southern city, he was enabled through mercy to supply the pulpit through the winter, and encouraged at times to hope for better health; assured that this mild southern climate suited his shattered constitution, better than the cold bleak winds of the north.

He soon found an attachment, daily growing stronger and stronger between himself and the people. They would often express the wish that he might consent to become their permanent pastor.

Another source of encouragement, and not the least among the many, was the increase of numbers who were weekly pressing to hear from his lips the gospel of Christ, that precious gospel, which he so much delighted to preach to his fellow men.

During the winter several of the members of the Baptist church in the city of Columbus, Mississippi, being at Mobile, attended meeting and heard him preach, and gave him a very pressing invitation to make them a visit. He gave them some encouragement, that he would do so when his time of service closed in Mobile. He received from them the following letter.

"Columbus, Miss., March 9th, 1844.

"Dear Brother Gillette,—

"The Baptist church in this place is destitute of a pastor, and the undersigned, being a committee appointed by the church, to endeavour to obtain one, have taken the liberty of addressing you on the subject. We would be much pleased to receive a letter from you, but still better pleased if you would visit us: you have been highly recommended by our brethren who have heard you preach. Columbus is an important city: it is healthy, and the community are interesting, intelligent, and moral. The Baptists have an excellent house of worship; in fact the best building in the place, and a very respectable congregation. The church will pay any expenses you may

incur in making us a visit, and we will do every thing in our power to render you comfortable, while among us. We hope you will come here as soon as possible. If you visit us, inquire for any of the subscribers. Respectfully yours in the gospel,

STERLING H. LESTER,
DAVID FERGUSON,
JAMES A. M'LEAN."

"Columbus, Miss., April 20th, 1844.

"DEAR BROTHER GILLETTE,—

"Yesterday being our first conference since we received your letter, it was read to the church, and I was appointed to reply.

"The church will wait until the time of your engagement at Mobile expires, at which time they will anxiously expect you. I would have replied to your letter myself, were it not that brother Blewit had gone to Mobile, and I supposed he would have an interview with you. He and his family have just returned, and are well. Our deacons have had the pleasure of hearing you preach in Mobile, and also some of our lay brethren, and I am happy to state that they are well pleased with you. They prefer waiting for you. Come as soon as you can. Our Zion here is in a languishing state, we have weekly prayer-meetings which keep us alive. Dear brother, we will not fail to pray for you, that God may enable you to reach us in safety, and bless you in spirit and in body. Yours in Christ,

JAMES M'LEAN."

According to this invitation, about the middle of May he started to make that people a visit, it being

a distance of about three hundred miles by steamboat. But previous to his leaving Mobile, the church in that place gave him a call to become their pastor, with every necessary encouragement for his temporal comfort and support.

But having promised to make a visit to Columbus, he thought it needful to fulfil the engagement.

Concerning his visit there, the prospect of usefulness, and his own feelings, we may learn from the following letter.

"Columbus, Miss. May, 1844.

"DEAR BROTHER WALTER,

"I have not been silent to you this long time because I had forgotten, or lost my regard for you. I supposed that you frequently heard from us, through Mr. Wells' people. I contented myself till the present. I am now far from Mobile, though I have not long been here. Nearly three months since I was invited by the church in this city to visit them, with a view of becoming their pastor. I consented to it, when my time with the Mobile church expired. I came here last Lord's day. I like the appearance of things. This is a beautiful city, containing about five thousand inhabitants, and the Baptist church is one of the most wealthy in the country. Their meeting-house is elegant. One member paid twenty thousand dollars towards the building of it.

"Before I arrived, their deacons, and a few other members who were down to Mobile on business, having heard me preach, they elected me their pastor; but I have not accepted the call, though it is enforced by the prospect of fifteen hundred dollars salary.

"Before leaving Mobile, that church gave me a pressing call to become its pastor; and the service of five months seemed to form such an attachment between us, that I shall regard their call first. They appointed a committee of five, gave to their disposal all the finances of the church, with authority to stipulate for the salary: this committee then presented me with a written article, in which each one bound himself for three hundred dollars per year, if I became their pastor. So you see they have made me safe for the salary, should I accept the call. It may seem large: it would be in some places, but it is not in Mobile.

"They give me the privilege of being absent during the hot season, and return to them in the fall. My health is such that I need rest, though I am better than I was last summer; yet I am racked with a cough and general debility, and my constitution seems to call for repose.

"Mary is in Mobile, about three hundred miles from this; but I design to return to her next week. We shall start for New Jersey soon. I design to stay a few weeks at the springs in Virginia; but Mary will proceed directly to her parents. I shall soon be after her, and hope we may all have a pleasant visit during the summer.

"This is a beautiful country and the climate in winter such as I never before saw. I have not seen one particle of snow and very little frost; roses have blossomed in the gardens all winter; apples are now ripe; plums and peaches are nearly full grown. The country is full of all kinds of fruit. Corn is

tasselled; wheat and rye long since harvested, and every thing has the appearance of mid-summer. The field here for ministerial usefulness is very extensive and inviting. This is the valley of the west; why do so few ministers enter it? Give my love to all the friends. Your affectionate brother,

D. H. GILLETTE."

On returning to Mobile, he came to the conclusion that it was his duty to accept of the call they had given him. He immediately gave the church in Columbus to understand that he could not accept of theirs, deeming it his duty to continue with the people in Mobile.

After receiving his letter, they wrote him the following reply:—

"Columbus, Miss., June 21st, 1844.

"DEAR BROTHER GILLETTE,—

"Your letter of the 9th, declining the call to the pastorate of the church which we represent, was received a few days ago.

"We exceedingly regret the existence of the circumstances that have produced this result; but under them we can but justify you fully in the course you have determined to pursue. If your health had been such, as to justify you in accepting our call, we should have received you most gladly; for in the sincerity of our hearts we made it. And after you came among us, and an acquaintance was formed; we were not only satisfied with what the church had previously done in electing you, but we were anxiously solicitous that you should accept. But an over-ruling Providence has otherwise determined,

and we shall endeavour to be resigned to his dispensations. Your visit here will long be remembered with pleasure by the members of this church, mingled with affectionate sympathy for your afflictions; which we hope may soon be removed, and that you may be speedily restored to health and vigour; so that you may yet labour much in our Master's vineyard. May he guard, protect, and afford you much of his spiritual presence and consolation.

"Whenever you can make us another visit we shall be happy to see you, and to hear you preach in our pulpit. May the Lord bless you. With respect for your lady, receive assurances of our affectionate consideration.

Committee { S. H. LESTER, and others."

CHAPTER IX.

HIS LAST VISIT NORTH—RETURNS TO MOBILE—PREACHES—DIES.

HAVING returned to Mobile, he made arrangements, to leave, for the summer, and visit his friends at the north. Accordingly, himself and companion took leave of their kind friends and started on their long and tedious journey, expecting to be absent until the ensuing autumn. They went to New Orleans, and from thence up the Mississippi river, and the Ohio, to Parksburg. Having heard of a mineral spring which had recently been brought into public notice, in the north-west part of Virginia, the waters of which had proved beneficial to indivi-

duals afflicted with the dyspepsia, he resolved to stop and spend a few weeks there, hoping they might prove beneficial to him. His wife pursued her journey in company with friends, to her parents in New Jersey. This spring not being known sufficiently long to make it a place of general resort, has no convenience of boarding, other than such as an ordinary farm house affords. This was his home for four weeks; where, being the only visiter, it was a lonely season to him; but he loved retirement. After four weeks' residence here, without deriving any essential benefit, he went, in company with a minister who was travelling over the mountains to the south, in a small carriage direct to Charlottsville: this had been the place of his former residence, and here his ministry had been abundantly blessed. Here were many, very many, much delighted to see him; yet they could not but regret that he had not, by the use of the means resorted to, been restored to sounder health, and brighter prospects for life and usefulness. They looked upon him as a dying man, and yet at times he flattered himself that he should be restored.

Up to this time he was the pastor of their church, for, although they parted with him for the winter, yet they were in hopes that he might be able to return, and labour long with them, in the gospel. Before this he had given them to understand he thought it most expedient to continue south; but he had not taken a dismissal from them, and it was painful for him to do so. He has often said that, could he have health, there was no place where life and pastoral duty could be enjoyed by him so well as in Charlottsville.

Having only a few days to stay, he preached to them but once,—after which he requested to be dismissed from the pastorate, and from his membership with the church. Receiving from them the following, he started for his companion and friends in Philadelphia and New Jersey.

"At a meeting of the Baptist Church in Charlottsville, on Wednesday evening, the 14th of August, 1844, the following preamble and resolutions were presented and unanimously adopted:—

"Whereas God in his providence has seen fit to protract the illness of our beloved pastor, D. H. Gillette, so as to require of him the resignation of his charge;

"Resolved, therefore, that, while we bow in humble submission to this afflicting dispensation, knowing that the God of heaven and earth cannot do wrong, yet our bleeding hearts cannot but deeply deplore our loss.

"Resolved, that, in accepting the resignation now tendered us by brother Gillette, we feel that the most sacred tie possible for the mutual enjoyment of pastor and people is rent asunder, and that we shall ever delight to extend to him the kindest Christian sympathy and affection.

"Resolved, that, although separated from him, we will not cease to seek, at a throne of grace, the blessing of our heavenly Father upon him and his labours, wherever bestowed.

ALEX. POPE ABELL, *Church Clerk.*"

"Charlottsville, Virginia, August 15, 1844.

"This is to certify, that our beloved brother, Rev.

D. H. Gillette—a regularly ordained minister of the Baptist Church—has, for two years, been the pastor of the Baptist Church of this place; and, knowing him well, and being compelled to part with him, on account of his severe and continued ill health, we take pleasure in this expression of our very high estimation of him as a man, a scholar, a Christian, and a minister.

"In each of these characters he occupies an exalted position. While settled with us he commanded the profoundest respect of every class of the community. Being received to our homes and affections as a friend and pastor, we found in him all that heart could wish, and the peculiar relation required.

"As a minister, he is indeed 'a workman that needeth not to be ashamed;' for, having 'a heart laden with the rich experience of a Saviour's love,' he seems desirous to know nothing before the world but 'Christ and him crucified.'

"His superior literary attainments, peculiarly happy address, and powerful oratory, prepare him for any position, and commend him to any church where his health can be enjoyed.

"The failure of brother Gillette's health, and his desire to seek a milder climate, alone force us to accept the resignation which he has tendered us,—for truly the relation has been pleasant and profitable. Finding us in a low condition, and but poorly qualified to second his efforts, and though obliged by his illness to spend more than one third of the time during which he held the pastorate of the church, in a distant state, yet he was made to us an instrument of

great good, and many, very many, remember him as their spiritual father and comforter.

"But an unerring God in his providence has bid us part, and we, though mournfully our hearts sink within us, at conviction of the dispensation, would say, 'Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.' "JOHN SIMPSON,
BENJAMIN MORBY,
ALEX. POPE ABELL, } Deacons."

After leaving Charlottsville, and the dear friends who, with painful hearts and tearful eyes were sorrowing most of all that they should see his face no more; he went to Philadelphia, where his stay with his brother was richly enjoyed, though but short. He soon left for his father-in-law's, where he met with his companion and friends, to all of whom he was much attached. But, to all who saw him, it was apparent that his nature was slowly wasting away under the weight of protracted disease. He refused all invitations to preach, intending to rest from the fatiguing labours of the pulpit, for a short season at least. In the month of October, his estimable wife gave birth to a son, an occasion of much joy to an affectionate husband and afflicted father; for he said he was thinking, that although his days were few, yet this little son might live to perpetuate his memory, and be useful in the world. To this son he gave the name of his esteemed friend, WILLIAM FARISH, of Virginia.

Notwithstanding his rapid decline, still he was very anxious to return to the south, and resume

his labours; and, if he must, die with his church at Mobile. In October, he went to Philadelphia, to consult a physician to whom he had been recommended. The advice and prescriptions he received brought only temporary relief.

November 24, 1844, they took ship at New York, for Mobile. Many of his friends were fearful he could not endure the passage, and that in all probability the sea would become his resting place until she shall be called upon to give up her dead. But to us the future is all unknown; his hour had not yet come. "Our days are as the days of an hireling."

Their voyage at sea was very tedious, yet he was so much favoured that he endured the hardships through which they passed, much better than was anticipated. Concerning which he writes,—

"Mobile, December 27, 1844.

"Dear Brother A.,—

"We arrived at this city one week yesterday, after a tedious voyage of twenty-six days. I was quite feeble when we embarked, suffering from dyspepsia and a bad cough, which was causing me to expectorate much putrid matter; but after a few days at sea, I began to feel a little better. I adopted the Graham system; soon my cough abated, and the bad watery mucus nearly ceased. . . . . The latter part of our passage became trying to me. We were kept by head winds ten days, within three hundred miles of the city, and the weather was very cold. But now I feel somewhat improved. . I cough much less than formerly; but I am so very

weak I can scarcely walk. Strength is what I seem most to need; my food is the coarse cracker and rye mush; any deviation from that regimen throws me back. . . I preached last Sabbath morning, and endured it well; but O how weak my limbs are! I feel a little stronger, but I expect slow improvement if any; though now, for the first time, I feel encouraged. May the Lord heal me, if it be his good pleasure. Wife and child endured the voyage exceedingly well; the boy has grown finely; the people of Mobile pronounce him the noblest child they ever saw at his age. We are now comfortably fixed. The weather is mild and clear, and many beautiful roses are in full bloom, adorning the yards of our city. . . . O, how you freeze and quake up yonder, while we down here, bask in a warm summer sun. . . . We spent Christmas with a family that attend our church; they gave a splendid dinner. I wish that you and sister could have been two of the guests at table; for poor me, I had to stand back and look on the luxuries.

"Give my respects to all the friends.—My wife joins me in love to you.—As ever,

D. H. GILLETTE."

After his arrival in Mobile, his strength failed him so rapidly that he wrote no record in his memorandum book, and only occasional letters to his friends. A few days before his confinement he wrote a long letter to his brother Walter, expressive of his feelings. He appeared to be sensible that his end drew near, yet, expresssing perfect resignation to the will of Providence. He spoke of his aged and

pious mother, being well assured that he had seen her for the last time on earth; but said he hoped to meet her in heaven, where parting will be no more. He says, "When I thought of leaving my mother, whom I love so much, to see her no more on earth, it seemed that nature could not endure it; but grace is always sufficient. Our separation will be but short; we shall meet again."

This letter has been mislaid, and cannot be found, which we regret very much, as it was the last he ever wrote.

He continued to preach until two weeks before his death, when he prepared a sermon to preach on the evening of Lord's day, from these words: "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," Isaiah liii. 3. This text, he remarked to his wife, was expressive of his feelings. After commencing the devotional exercises of the meeting, he failed, very suddenly, and sunk in the pulpit: he was assisted to come down out of that sacred place which he had so eloquently and beautifully adorned; and brought from the church to his lodgings, remarking at the time, that he should not go out until he was carried. Physicians examined him, and pronounced the left lung nearly gone, and the right one considerably affected. After they retired he said to his dear young wife, "I am conscious that I am failing very fast; we must part soon, my dear." He wept considerably, adding, "These tears are not for myself. I commit you to Him who hath promised to be the widow's God, and my child to an undying Father." He took the babe in his arms, put his hands on its head, say-

ing, "I consecrate this child unto the Lord, and crave his blessing for my boy. May we all be reunited, a happy family, in heaven." The following day he settled all his worldly concerns, that his mind might be constantly upon his rapidly approaching change. After this he appeared perfectly composed, and longed for his Master's coming: with heaven in full prospect, he said, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait until my change come."

He said that he "Had only wanted health that he might serve his Master; but, if he could not do that, he desired to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." He said that it was pleasant to think that he had worn out in the Lord's service. He had preached the gospel while in health, and he had done it, as cheerfully, while pressed down by weakness and disease; and, he added, I hope to preach him when I am dying.—Though I have served him but imperfectly, I have a firm trust that he will be very near me when I pass through the valley of the shadow of death. I had hoped to get well, that I might labour many years in my Master's vineyard; but God has ordered otherwise. It is my heavenly Father who has willed it to be so, and I resign all into his hands. "I know in whom I have believed." When his friends came to see him, he said to them, "I am going home," pointing upwards, with a sweet smile. "I have no wish to stay one day longer upon earth; and, if it be the Lord's will, I would like to go now. 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, If it be thy will, I would not linger here, but while I tarry may I never be impatient.

My sufferings are nothing compared to what my Saviour endured for me. It is almost too much to hope for, that an unworthy creature, such as I am, should have an interest in the precious blood of Jesus; but I trust in a forgiving Saviour." He frequently said, "Oh that I had strength that I could shout, and sing my Master's praise; but I am too weak now; I hope soon to be clothed upon with immortality."

On the ninth of February, it became evident that nature was almost dissolved; but the energy of his soul was unabated. He expressed an anxious wish that he might be favoured with his reasoning faculties to the latest moment. He told his wife that he expected to die on that evening, but said, I am perfectly resigned. His mind was constantly elevated with the joyful anticipation of the felicity that awaited him. As the hour of his dissolution approached, his faith was greatly increased; and the glories of heaven seemed to burst upon his enraptured vision. About half an hour before his spirit took its flight, he conversed much, and realized that he was dying, exclaiming, "Oh! precious Jesus! what is the world to me with all its vanities? Give me Jesus."

He then said to his wife, "Oh! that you may have the Saviour's love deeply implanted in your heart,—the hope of immortal glory." He asked his wife if "She thought the crown fitted well," pointing to his head, and wiping the death sweat from his brow. At seven o'clock, on the evening of the ninth of February, his soul found rest; without a struggle he fell asleep in Jesus. That mind, the

energies of which were consecrated entirely to the glory of God, shall wear its splendid imagery no more; but, all, all those powers shall be perfected in the land of his joyful habitation, and all shall be swallowed up in the near and rapturous view of the Lamb, whom he shall follow whithersoever he goeth. Thus died the Rev. D. H. Gillette the minister,—the Christian.

The following letter, written by the Rev. Mr. Grant, of Mobile, will be read with much interest, as he was present and had frequent conversation with him; who, also, as an angel of mercy, administered to him in this scene of trial, until the last flickerings of the lamp of life had become extinct:—

"Mobile, January 29, 1845.

"REV. A. D. GILLETTE:—

"DEAR BROTHER,—In obedience to the wish of our beloved brother D. H. Gillette, it is my duty to inform you, that his disease has taken a very unfavourable turn; it is not probable that he will survive many days; he has arranged his worldly affairs; his family will be provided for while here, and sent home under proper protection. He feels himself well cared for, and he has the prayers and sympathies of the whole church and community. He wishes me to assure you that he feels perfectly at home, as the brethren do all that can be done to make him comfortable. He does not suffer pain, but is rapidly declining, and has the most abiding confidence in God; in whom he has trusted. He enjoys perfect peace and tranquillity of mind, and is waiting, with patience, until his change comes. He wishes you to let his brothers know his

prospects. Is it not worth living the life of the righteous, in order that our death may be as his? He does not expect again to see your face in the flesh, but feels pleased in the belief that, when your labours in the Lord's vineyard shall have been completed, you will again be united in the joys and service of the upper sanctuary; and while nature might be disposed to grieve at the providence of God, it should be a matter of consolation to the mind, and a cause of gratitude in the heart of a disciple, that when one of his children is removed from this earthly house, it is to make him participate in the inheritance of the saints in light. That we may all so live in the cultivation of every grace and virtue which results from the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, that we need not fear any evil, while we pass through the valley of the shadow of death, is the prayer of your brother, in the bonds of the gospel,

JOHN GRANT."

The Rev. R. Babcock, D. D., of New York, connected with the American and Foreign Bible Society, was providentially allowed to be in Mobile, at this solemn time. This was very gratifying, in consequence of his intimate acquaintance with the family, and the relationship, though distant, that he bore to the afflicted and bereaved companion. The following letters were written by him to his brother, of Philadelphia; one of them two days before, and the other, the next day after his death.

"Mobile, February 7, 1845.

"MY DEAR GILLETTE,—

"If you have followed me in this long tour of

official wanderings, you will not be surprised to hear from me in this city. But I take the pen this morning, not to advise you of my movements, but to apprize you of the situation of that beloved brother of yours, who is now lying down close by the side of the grave, and with calmness and holy joy, looking into eternity.

"Having heard of his rapidly declining condition, I came hither, from New Orleans, sooner than I had intended. Brother Hinton, pastor of the New Orleans church, accompanied me, for we had reason to fear that the final hour would come before we could arrive. We reached here yesterday noon, and, soon after, repaired to his boarding-house. He was very low, and only saw brother Hinton yesterday. The impression seemed to be, that he had scarcely life enough in him to remain through the night. We had service in the church last evening. In the prayers your brother was most affectionately remembered, and it was delightful to notice how deep, universal, and tender was the sympathy of all hearts with him, and his dear companion.

"This morning I called on him, and sat a few moments by his side; yes, my dear brother, the hand which traces these lines has just been embraced for near half an hour in those attenuated fingers which will never clasp yours again.

"He had a more comfortable night, and seemed quite cheerful. It had been arranged that I should write to-day to you. And he said very sweetly, tell my brother Abraham that I am waiting, waiting, waiting, till my blessed Saviour shall call me to his

bosom. Blessed position! enviable prospect! glorious transition!

"His dear young wife has also regained a delightful state of composure; her trust in God seeming to swallow up all unholy disquietude.

"The little one has been suffering from a severe cold, but is better. The friends seem exceedingly kind and attentive, and our dear dying friend and his family want for nothing.

"Rev. Mr. Grant, who wrote you last week, is almost constantly at the side of your brother, and should the expected melancholy, yet glorious termination of this scene be delayed till after I leave the city, he will announce it to you.

"I shall remain here until Monday or Tuesday next; when imperative official duties will call me homewards. Still I shall be obliged to stop in so many places, that I have no hope of reaching your city till the middle of March, long before that time, probably, this brother will be ushered into the immediate presence of his divine Redeemer.

"'Life take thy chance, but O, for such an end!' May this event, and another in my own family since I left* conduce to our more perfect sanctification. O, how many and how solemn the urgencies which press us to more perfect devotement of all we have and are to our glorious Saviour.

"It is the special request of your afflicted sister-in-law that immediately on the reception of this, you will write to her father, informing him of her situation and prospects.

*Death of his beloved daughter, Emily.

"This I have ventured to assure her she might safely rely on; as her constant attention to your brother and her babe, besides the state of her own feelings, quite unfit her for writing at present. Brother Hinton returns to New Orleans to-day. He joins me in sympathy and regard to you. Most truly yours. RUFUS BABCOCK."

"Mobile, Feb., 10th, 1845.

"MY DEAR GILLETTE,

"The agony of suspense is at length ended. Thy Brother Daniel has finished his earthly course. After my interview with him on Friday morning, just before I wrote to you, he remained much as I then described, patiently waiting the Lord's pleasure. Saturday, just before night, they thought him dying; but he revived in a few moments, and remained much as before. Yesterday morning brother Grant went to his bed-side with his usual salutation. Your brother replied, 'I am here yet.' Yes, said Mr. Grant, 'but you will spend the next Sabbath in heaven.'

"To this he cheerfully and joyously assented, 'Amen.' Through the day he was more troubled for breath, wished to be frequently moved, raised up, and to have the window raised. While the family were at tea, Mrs. Gillette called Brother Grant, saying she thought there was an obvious change. He was not from this time able to speak. He continued to breathe until a little after seven o'clock, when quietly, and sweetly, he fell asleep.

"We were at church; and had gone through the introductory services, but, just before I rose to preach,

brother Grant came into the pulpit, and pleasantly whispered in my ear, Dear Brother Gillette is in heaven.' . . . Standing in the place where only two weeks before he had stood, it was indeed holy ground,—a solemn place,—a touching scene: I tried to improve it for the benefit of his afflicted, and now deeply affected flock. May the voice of God, thus loudly and renewedly sounding in their ears, be blessed to every one of them. This evening we are to meet in the same church for his funeral services. The clergymen of the city will all be united, and share in the exercises. His bereaved companion is wonderfully supported: I sat with her for half an hour this morning, by the side of that emaciated lifeless frame. It was a melancholy, but, I hope, profitable season. She has written to her mother, and the same mail that carries her letter, will take this. Excuse its brevity; you know it does not arise from an unfeeling heart. Deeply do I sympathize with you, but have time to add no more this morning.

"Truly yours, affectionately,

RUFUS BABCOCK."

DEATH OF THE REV. D. H. GILLETTE.

Sabbath Recorder:—New York.

As we gave notice a few weeks since of the death of Rev. D. H. Gillette, at Mobile, Ala., on the 9th of February, I presume that the following extracts from a letter written by his widow to his mother, will be interesting to that portion of our readers who were personally acquainted with the deceased.

"My very dear Mother,—You have heard of the death of your dear son, my beloved husband.

"He had been very feeble ever since we arrived here. But I hoped, alas! too fondly, that he would be spared. He went to the church only two weeks before his death, and feeble as he was, had a sermon prepared, which he could not preach, for he failed very suddenly while there. He had chosen, as he told me, adapted to his feelings, these words, '*A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.*' He was brought from the church, to his room, remarking at the same time that he should not go out until he was carried. Two physicians examined, and pronounced the left lung nearly gone, and the right one considerably affected. After they had left he said to me, 'My dear wife, I am failing very fast; we must part soon. Try to keep as good spirits as you possibly can. It may be but a short separation.' He wept aloud, and shed many bitter tears. He said, 'You know it takes a great deal to make a man weep. Though I weep, I do not murmur; I only weep for you, and for my child, who will soon be fatherless. God will be a husband to you, and a father to the dear boy.'

"He took the babe in his arms, put his hand on its head, and said, 'I consecrate this child to the Lord, and crave His blessing for my son. Train him up in the nurture of the Lord, and make him meet to be an heir of glory. May we all be reunited, a happy family, in heaven.'

"He settled all his worldly concerns, that his mind might be entirely upon his rapidly approaching

change. After this he appeared perfectly composed, and longed for his Master's coming. He spoke often of his dear mother, and wished me to give you an affectionate farewell, hoping to meet you where all tears shall be wiped away, and parting unknown.

O what a triumphant death-bed! He said that the world had no charms for him; if he could not get well enough to serve his Master, he would desire to depart. It hurt him to talk in a whisper; and though many came to see him, he could admit but few. He said to them, 'I am going home,' pointing upwards with a sweet smile. He would often say to me, 'If it be the Lord's will, I would like to go home to-night; but the will of the Lord be done.' He also said, 'O that I had strength to shout, I feel so happy; I hope soon to be able.'

You may mourn, dear mother, that your son has found a grave so far from kindred: I know that it must distress you. I write this letter, hoping that it may console you, though my own heart is bleeding, and daily mourns afresh. If the news of his death overcomes you, think of the anguish of my own heart, to watch by the bed-side of a dying husband, far from kindred and home, and day by day see life ebbing swiftly away. I have buried all my earthly hopes. Though we may mingle our tears, we will not murmur. That precious treasure was not ours: God only lent him to us, and in his own good time took him to himself. Consoling thought, that we can look forward to a meeting beyond the grave, there to join our beloved one, and sing the praises of the Lamb. Friends come to console me,

but God alone can console the widow's heart. He has a gracious purpose in afflicting us.

There was a very large procession at his burial. All the ministers in the city met at the Baptist church. All denominations here appear to mourn, that a pillar in Zion has fallen; so useful was he, and so promising. The ways of a kind Providence are very mysterious, and we cannot understand them; but what we know not now, we shall known hereafter. His corpse had a placid and composed expression, and appeared only to have fallen asleep. He expired without the least struggle, on the 9th, at evening. He asked me if I thought the crown fitted well, pointing to his head, and wiping the sweat from his brow. He talked much for an hour before he died, saying, 'O the precious Saviour; what is the world to me, with all its vanities? Give me Jesus.' The last words he said were, 'Do not weep for me. I am going home.' MARY."

Disappointment seldom comes alone: a young companion, the partner of toils, and the solace of his heart, was now left a widow, to rely upon the protection of the widow's God. Though her husband was gone, never to return, she had one earthly comfort left. The little son who had received the blessing of a dying father, she hoped would long live to comfort her heart. But, previous to the death of her husband, the child was much indisposed, and continued to grow worse. She intended to have started for the north soon after his death, but, with deep anxiety she waited day after day, watching every moment for some favourable symptom, to en-

courage her, that her child, her only earthy comfort, might be restored; but God had otherwise directed. Another trying hour was near,—that beloved babe, —William Farish Gillette, was soon to follow his father, and be united with him where the pain of parting will never be experienced again. He lingered until the twelfth of April, when, by death, he was released from his sufferings, and taken to his eternal rest. To the Christian the grace of God is always a support,—as we learn in the following letter.

"Mobile, April 13th, 1845.

"My very dear Brother A.,—

"I am here still, though I have made many arrangements for leaving, and have been disappointed. Now I see disappointments are always for the best. My dear child has been very delicate since my husband's death, and I have nursed him day and night. He has had a very bad cough: his lungs were seriously affected. A great change took place at twelve o'clock on the eleventh, and, on the evening, at six o'clock, God relieved him from his sufferings, and took him to himself. Was ever any thing so hard to bear as this? Now my *all* is gone, husband and child have joined each other—kindred spirits in a brighter clime—and I am alone. God is near me, dear brother: even in this dark hour, my fortitude is unchanged, my faith is unshaken. Though He has taken my choicest treasures, it is all right, and I can truly say, 'Though he *slay* me, yet will I trust in him.' My trust is in the rock of ages—therefore I shall not be dismayed.

"I shall leave to-morrow with Mr. and Mrs. —— by way of the Mississippi, and be at home as soon as possible. I would have answered your comforting letter before, but I have been waiting until I could tell you I had made some definite arrangements.

"Affectionately your sister, M. A. G."

"I cannot write more now: I send much love to mother Gillette, and to your dear wife. Pray for me."

CHAPTER X.

PUBLIC EXPRESSIONS OF GRIEF AND RESPECT—AFFECTING SERVICES AT THE FUNERAL.

In the preceding chapters we have set forth the life, ministry, death, and consequent loss to society and the church of Christ, of one of the loveliest of young men—one of the most eloquent of ministers—one upon whose lips thousands had hung with delight—the long-continued and extended exertion of whose powers multitudes anticipated with eager and pious desire.

To tell how many hearts have bled beneath this stroke, would require fortitude we do not possess, and fill a volume unsurpassed in the anguish it would describe, and the bright hopes it would exhibit as shining on earth for a short season only, then falling, in unutterable wo. Among all ranks our brother's death spread and excited one common feeling of respect: those who knew him personally mourned the loss of one they loved, those to whom he was

known by reputation, or his public ministry, felt the agitation and general sympathy consequent upon the removal of such rare and consecrated gifts, from so important a sphere of usefulness to man, as the ministry of the glorious Gospel.

Gloom spread over Mobile, and each citizen looked as if he had lost a friend, his intimate acquaintances yielded for awhile to the influence of deepest sorrow. Kind Providence afflicted our brother, and removed him from all by whom he was beloved. We should seek consolation in one who has suffered more than we all—there is enough to quiet all our fears, in the distinguishing consideration "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Cheerfully he gave us the Holy child Jesus—shall we refuse to resign to Him our friends, when he calls them to himself?—He gave us his Son to suffer. He took our brother to enjoy after having loved, laboured, suffered, rejoiced, and Died—

Died did I say? he doth but sleep,
And every dust his Lord shall keep;
Until the happy rising day,
When he shall quit his house of clay.
Thrice happy happy shall he be,
When his pure eyes his Lord shall see.

"Why stand ye gazing up into heaven?"

Who has not felt, when one dearly beloved has been snatched away—an inclination to forget all the things of earth, and to stand idle—helpless—stricken—on the shores of time, gazing, longing,

after the lost, regardless of all that is left; all love, all hope, swallowed up in the one agonized sense of bereavement?

"Smitten of God, and bereaved,"—was not this, too, written by one who knew of what he spoke? who had felt the bitter pang of parting; the awful sense of God's agency in earthly sorrow—the struggle between passionate regret and holy submission?

The human soul knows no variety in sorrow for the dead. Whatever else may change in the course of time, *this* remains the same throughout all ages. Paul, the sainted, the subdued, wrote not those tender words without a swelling of the heart; and many a mourner since responds to them with tears.

"Death has been busy, of late. Many a tender flower—many a "shining mark"—many a household stay and comfort has he snatched away within a few short days. To many of our friends and fellow citizens, the bright spring heavens seem hung in black; and all the joyous associations that came up with the warm sunshine are changed to images of sadness and despondency. The idea of "a gloom on the face of Nature" is not a mere poetic fiction. To the mourner whose grief is in its fresh bitterness, there seems an absolutely perceptible shadow—like a pall of dark vapour—spread over the gayest objects. Nothing looks as it used. The heart sees not like the careless eyes. We feel as if the sun could never shine again for us.

Few have entered upon and gone through their religious profession with a warmer zeal than the subject of this memoir. Few have exceeded him in the

possession and display of that charity which adorns the Christian minister above every thing else; "that vaunteth not itself, and is not puffed up, that doth not behave itself unseemly; that seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; that beareth all things, believeth all things."

To those acquainted with him, these things need not be spoken; for they were seen in his intercourse in society, in his amiableness of spirit and behaviour. It is sometimes the case, when the talents of a young man have been admired and his early labours flattered, that the effects have proved fatal to his future prosperity.

Not so our brother: amidst the popularity that attended his ministry, even when a student, he never appeared to be elated above measure, or to have neglected his necessary studies: he was uniformly the same, pious, industrious, docile, modest, and unassuming young man. But his work on earth is finished, his heavenly state is begun.

Lest the reader should suppose that the foregoing excellencies were made in part to appear from the fond relation which existed between the lamented subject and the writers of this memoir, we give the following voluntary testimonials from others.

"Danbury, Conn., June 2d, 1845.

"RESPECTED BROTHER,

"I received yours, but had heard of the death of our brother some days previous. The union between him and us was a most cordial one: when he was here, the church seemed to be growing in grace and knowledge.

"The first sermon he preached to us was full of interest: the text was 1 Corinthians, i. 12: "I of Christ," and the first hymn he read to us began—

'Lord, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescued from the grave.'

"Our dear brother was quite happy the short time he was able to preach, and we were as happy to listen to his sweet voice.

"Many of various denominations came to hear the word of life dispensed by him: he was beloved by all, and could he have been spared, he would have been very useful to this community.

"I often conversed with him on the flattering prospects of the church; but how soon we were disappointed! After preaching two sabbaths he said he must discontinue, but felt reliance on God, and believed this affliction would be for the Divine glory.

"You may think, dear brother, after having furnished his study and put up his library, and made every thing as pleasant as could be, and with a large field to labour in—so soon to retire was indeed a trial, which nothing but grace could support. While your brother was with us he lived in my family: he endeared himself to us by his amiable disposition. He used frequently to sing the "Bower of prayer." Since then, my little daughter, Ann Elizabeth, often sings that hymn. We all deeply sympathize with you. We write on behalf of the church, and remain yours affectionately, WILLIAM MONTGOMERY,
NOBLE LYON."

The following is as acceptable as it is delicate. The

beloved writer has for some time sustained the endearing relation of pastor to the venerable mother of the lamented friend of his heart. The dear church in Cambridge, New York, will long bear the fruit of his ability, gentleness, and fidelity.

"Rev. Daniel H. Gillette,—My eye fell upon the epitaph which is inscribed on the monument of this dear brother, with the most feeling emotion. He was in the same class with me at Hamilton, and for three years we sustained the endearing relation of room-mates, without one wave of discord to ruffle the hallowed peace of those sunny hours, now cherished in memory dear. Our mutual confidence was perfect and unreserved. *We loved as brothers;* and O, how often have we bowed together before the mercy seat, to unbosom all our heart to God, and breathe forth every hidden desire of the soul. Still he visits me in dreams, and again I hear that voice of sweet familiar affection and tenderness. As a scholar, he attained a respectable meed: he evinced a marked love for the classics, his mind being of the emotional and poetic temperament. But even in his collegiate course his main drift of thought seemed to be toward writing and sermonizing; thus aiming to make all other attainments serve the great interests of his calling, as a minister of our Lord Jesus Christ. In his removal I feel that death has indeed come near to me: two, whose hands were linked together in sweet and brotherly affection have been parted—one taken, the other left. But I fondly hope the separation is not final; and O, that I may be prepared to follow

him through a death as happy and peaceful as the one in which I am told 'he fell asleep.'

LEVI PARMELY."

At a meeting of the Albemarle Baptist Association, Virginia, of which he, when pastor of the Charlottsville church, was a member, held August 16, 1845,

"On motion of William P. Farish, Esq., the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

"Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove by death our beloved brother, Daniel H. Gillette, late bishop of the church in Charlottsville,

"Resolved, that we cherish his memory, as a faithful and efficient minister of the gospel of Christ; and while we rejoice with him that so early he was released from his sufferings, and crowned with the victor's wreath,—yet we can but deplore the loss from our Master's vineyard, of so successful a winner of souls, when the demand for such is so pressing.

"Resolved, that we tender to his bereaved widow, and other relations, our most affectionate sympathies, and pray God that this dispensation of his providence may be sanctified to both them and us."

From the Religious Herald, Va.

"We had prepared a notice of the death of bro. Gillette, to accompany extracts from the Baptist Record. The following communication from a member of the Charlottsville church, renders it unnecessary to add any thing more on this subject. He was an amiable brother, an able minister, and his demise is a severe loss to the church.

"Charlottsville, February 22, 1845.

"DEAR BROTHER SANDS,—

"The painful intelligence of the death of our late beloved pastor, Rev. Daniel H. Gillette, has just reached us, and, although our minds had been, in some degree, by his protracted and severe illness, prepared for this afflictive dispensation of Providence, yet we cannot but deeply sorrow that 'we shall see his face no more'—that from the walls of Zion one of the most faithful and efficient watchmen is fallen—that from the vineyard of our Master, a labourer so rarely gifted and consecrated to the work when the demand for such is so pressing, should, in the very opening of a life giving promise of so much usefulness, be called away, even though it be to the enjoyment of a 'crown of life.'

"But it is done, and in the determination of a wisdom which, though it be higher than we, and therefore to us inscrutable, is yet perfect and right. And while our hearts bleed at the loss we experience —and the fond hopes we had indulged of the great and lasting usefulness of the future labours of our brother, lie blasted and withered at our feet—we would school our heart to turn from these, and following him up to those bright mansions where

'Sickness, sorrow, pain, and death,
Are felt and feared no more,'

rejoice with him, that he has so early received the glorious reward of the victor.

"Of brother Gillette's early life it is unnecessary that I should say any thing. The task of collecting the many deeply interesting circumstances connected

with it, and of marking its course as he triumphed over difficulties before which many a noble spirit would have cowered, will no doubt be assumed by one better prepared in every respect.

"I shall content myself to speak of him, as I knew him well and personally, in the characters of a pastor and a friend.

"He came among us—nay, he was sent of God to us—in the summer of 1842, and we were favoured with the first sermons he had preached for twelve months; he having suffered severely during that period from hemorrhage of the lungs, and its consequent prostration.

"A call to the pastorate of the church which was tendered him in July of that year, was accepted; and his labours among us commenced in October.

"His health, though far from being good, was so much improved that he was able to perform, most faithfully and acceptably, the arduous labours imposed on him by his office; and truly the blessing of God was upon the work of his hands, for the church was by his instrumentality 'built up in its most holy faith,' and was made constantly to rejoice at accessions of happy converts to its growing numbers. So that in the first year of this delightful connexion, more than one hundred were 'added to the church of such,' we confidently hope, 'as shall be saved.'

"But it was soon observable that the insidious disease which preyed upon his system was not overcome, but was gradually wearing away a constitution naturally of the first order, but now almost a wreck; and indeed often and unknown but to his most

intimate friends, his labours were performed under extreme suffering, when duty to himself would seem to have required rest for the fainting body.

"Laid aside from the work for several months by increasing ill health, he sought the genial and reviving influences of a southern clime in the winter of 1843–44. Finding a home and friends in the city of Mobile, and his strength a little recovered, he commenced at once to supply the pulpit of the St. Anthony Street Church, then vacant by the death of its late pastor, Schrobel.

"Winning, as he did wherever he went, the hearts of all, he proved a great blessing to the church, being made instrumental in healing their divisions, in restoring backsliders, and converting many from the error of their ways, and winning them to Christ.

"After spending the winter and spring with that people he returned to the North, and passing through this State, paid us the last visit we enjoyed from him.

"Having accepted before he left Mobile a call to the pastorate of the church, he returned and entered upon its duties in December last. But debilitated and worn out; although continuing his ministrations to crowded congregations until within two weeks of that period; he lingered until the 9th inst., when he sweetly 'fell asleep in Jesus.'

"A brother, who communed with him often during the last few days of his life, thus speaks of him in a communication to a gentleman of this place. 'During the last two weeks of his life, while confined to his bed, he appeared to *enjoy uninterrupted peace of mind;* and having settled all his tem-

poral concerns, had but one wish, which was gratified at 7 o'clock P. M., Lord's day, when he departed to be with Christ.'

"Brother Gillette, while with us, by his native kindness of disposition, and suavity of manner, won the highest regard and warmest affection of all who knew him; while his peculiarly dignified deportment commanded as generally the profoundest respect.

"A mind highly cultivated and richly stored with useful knowledge—with an unusual flow of spirits—eminently qualified him for the kind offices of friendship—and it is therefore that the deep pang of sorrow which thrills the whole church at the sad bereavement, extends through the community, there is not one of his numerous acquaintances but feels that *he has lost a friend.*

Yours truly, ALEX. POPE ABELL."

A called session of the Baptist Church of Charlottsville, was held on the evening of Wednesday, Feb. 26th, 1845.

The painful occasion of the meeting having been stated, the following preamble and resolutions were presented, and after being seconded in a feeling address, were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas it has pleased God to call to his final rest our late beloved pastor, D. H. GILLETTE, we deem it proper to notice the event, therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we cherish with affection the memory of our brother as a man, a Christian, and a pastor. We remember with gratitude to him and to his God, his labours of love performed among us

often in great personal suffering; and many of us cherish in our hearts towards him the affection of spiritual children.

"*Resolved*, That while we acknowledge the justice of that mysterious providence which has so early removed from the church of Christ so able an ambassador, yet we cannot but deplore the loss of one so well qualified by nature, acquirements, and grace to win souls to Christ, and are called upon to pray with renewed earnestness, that the Lord of the harvest would send forth more labourers.

"*Resolved*, That we render our most heart-felt sympathy to his bereaved companion, and mourn her loss as our loss.

"*Resolved*, That Rev. STEPHEN H. MYRICK be requested to preach a sermon in memory of our brother, on Lord's-day morning, the 30th of March.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished Mrs. Gillette, and the Religious Herald, with the request that they may be published in that paper.

A. P. ABELL, Ch. Clerk."

"Charlottsville, 9th October, 1845.

"VERY DEAR BROTHER,—

"I fear you will think me neglectful, if not indifferent, in not sooner furnishing you with information of your sainted brother.

"To write his history while with us—were like writing of the bright meteor as it flashes through the sky, and awakens admiration in the mind of the beholder. Often and again have I heard men who were wont to be reasonable—declare as their astonished ears drank in the music of his voice, and their

souls were thrilled with his startling eloquence—that he seemed much more an *angel* than a man. And as an inspired historian in a single verse recorded the visit of a mighty host of angels to the earth—'Shouting glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, and good-will towards men!' So I with humble pen cannot say much, of one who, if not then, is now a bright spirit made perfect in the presence of our God.

"I had designed to say something of his manner of prayer, because this made a deeper impression on my mind than almost any thing connected with his public ministrations.

"He seemed, much more than any one I have seen, to realize that he was in the immediate presence of Jehovah during this solemn exercise. He asked as though he was confident he would receive. And there is satisfactory reason to believe the unfailing promise of the Redeemer—that such prayer should be answered was frequently fulfilled.

"On one occasion, at the commencement of service, one of his fervent prayers was immediately answered in the conversion of a very interesting young lady, having kneeled, burdened with a sense of her sins, she arose in the liberty of Jesus Christ, rejoicing in a sense of pardoned sin.

"Another conversion equally happy was that of a gentleman who being deeply concerned on the subject of religion, requested a visit from him, and there, before the throne of grace, as that dear young minister of God pleaded with the Saviour of sinners,—the Spirit whispered peace to the troubled soul, and the dead in trespasses and sins was made alive unto God

"These are a few of the many instances in which we believe that his prayers were effectual in securing the blessing of God in the salvation of sinners. His written sermons furnish an imperfect idea of what his *preaching* was: although many were fully written, yet getting the arrangement clearly in his mind, he awaited the excitement of the moment to furnish the words to clothe the thoughts—which coming fresh from a spirit yearning for the salvation of sinners, and burning with the love of God, often found their way to the heart. Hardened indeed was the man who listened unmoved to his warnings. I have seen the outbreaking sinner of three-score years melted as humble as the child beneath him. I have seen the little girl, as in sportive innocence she passed charmed by their sweetness, stop and with the trembling, gray-headed sinner, fall low at the feet of Jesus, and gladly take his yoke.

"There was ever about him a finish—a *grace*, such as I never saw in another, and this extended to all that he did. In his intercourse with the church and the world—as a presiding officer, of the meetings of the church, and even in making an appointment for service—all, all was done *in his own way*, and as I have seen no one else do it.

"Will you present me *very* kindly to sister Gillette? and believe me very truly and affectionately,

ALEX. POPE ABELL."

"In our last we intimated that in all probability the youngest brother of the four Rev. Gillettes, had fallen asleep in the arms of the blessed Redeemer.

We now confirm the melancholy intimation, and furnish the sad intelligence.

DIED,

"On the 9th ult., in the city of Mobile, the Rev. D. H. GILLETTE, youngest son of the late Dr. F. B. Gillette, of Cambridge, Washington County, N. Y., aged about 32 years. The deceased was a graduate of the Hamilton Institution in that state, and at the time of his decease, Pastor of the First Baptist Church in the city of Mobile, Ala. A memoir of this interesting young soldier of the cross may be soon expected from the pen of his brothers.

"This will be sad intelligence to his numerous friends and relatives in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. He was well educated and highly esteemed. Soon after he graduated he was installed Pastor of the Baptist Church in Rahway, N. J. While there, he found that the confinement attending the prosecution of his studies, added to the performance of his laborious ministerial duties, had greatly impaired his health; and in the hope of regaining it, he removed, about two years since, to Charlottsville, Va., and became the Pastor of the Baptist Church in that place. After remaining a year or more without experiencing any beneficial change, he acceded to the request of friends and physicians, and removed to Mobile, hoping that a change of climate would prove advantageous. He there assumed the pastoral charge of the St. Anthony Street Church, and continued faithfully the duties of his sacred office until his strength failed. After being con-

fined a few days, death relieved him of his sufferings, and the spirit of a faithful servant wended its way to

"that blissful sphere
Where sound the lute-notes of eternal love."

"Only five years have elapsed since he was ordained a minister of the Gospel; but his short career has been honourable to himself and his advisers, and useful to the congregations over which he has been placed. He always listened with a willing ear to the pleading of the distressed, and never refused or neglected to extend to them a helping hand. He had a feeling heart for the wayward and a consoling word for the afflicted; but both his labours and his sufferings have ceased, and we can only drop a tear—not for him,—'after life's fitful fever he sleeps well;'—but for those who are henceforth deprived of his ministrations. He has left a wife and child to mourn his loss. May Heaven bestow its richest blessings upon the widow and orphan.—*N. American, Phila.*

From the Baptist Record.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. D. H. GILLETTE, OF MOBILE, ALA.

BY F. B. GRAHAM.*

The minister of God
Sleeps with his fathers in the earth's embrace.
It was the will of Heaven, and 'tis well.
Tears cannot him resuscitate, nor work
The good he would have done below. *He* needs
No tears, for they can ne'er bestow upon
The soul in Paradise more perfect joy.
I'll weep no more.

* Editor of the National Forum, Philadelphia; now of the Washington County Post, N. Y.

He had a glorious duty to perform—
A mandate from his Maker to obey,
And his whole heart was in his Saviour's cause.
He listened to the love-inspired command,
"Go preach the gospel unto all the world."
And with a willingness to serve his Lord,
And faith in all the Scriptures have proclaimed,
He went a missioner of truth and love
To teach his fellow-men. I oft have seen,
In heaven's earthly courts, his bended form,
And heard his voice in supplicating tones
Beseeching God to hear his prayers, and bless
Mankind with peace, good will and happiness.
Earth had its pleasures and its woes for him.
E'en in affliction 'twas his joy to serve
Untiringly, with ardent zeal, and faith
Unmoved, his Master who had placed him here,
A shepherd o'er a flock whose future doom
No human being can predestinate;
And faithfully did he discharge the task
Thus by th' Almighty given: "Feed my lambs."
In meekness, love, and charity, he sought
To imitate the humble Nazarene.
But the same Righteous One
Who sent him here, and on whose arm he leaned
For sure support when trials weighed him down,
Has called him hence and given him peace and rest,
Upon the bosom of the God he served.
E'en now methinks I hear the Saviour's voice
Pronouncing in mild tones, "Well done, thou good
And faithful servant; into all the joys
Of thine own Father, enter thou and rest
For evermore."
And now, O God,
Thy richest blessings shower on her he left
A widowed mourner here. Be Thou, Most High,
Her Lord and Saviour; and whene'er beside
The cold depository of the dust
Of one beloved she kneels, be Thou there too,
And hear and answer all her prayers. And when

She weeps in sorrow on that spot, her tears
Will fall like glittering dew-drops (angel's tears,)
Upon the full-blown rose she nurtures there,
And rise in fragrance on the ambient air
A grateful incense to the throne of Him
Who reigns supreme in heaven.

The following graphic and touching outlines of the funeral services were furnished by an eye-witness, of conceptions and ability admirably adapted to value and portray their simplicity and impressiveness.

"Rev. D. H. Gillette's death occurred on Lord's day evening, just as Rev. Dr. Babcock of New York, had entered the pulpit which he had so lately occupied, to commence the religious services. During the singing of the second hymn, immediately preceding the sermon, the Rev. Mr. Grant, who had been with him at the last moment, came into the pulpit, and whispered—"Brother Gillette is in heaven!" The congregation were not apprized of it till near the close of the discourse: when the speaker with great solemnity and power announced the mournful tidings, and endeavoured to lead the minds of his hearers to a right improvement of the loud and impressive warning, which God was thus sounding in their ears. Though the event had been generally anticipated, and nothing like a sensation of surprise was experienced; yet the whole congregation mourned and wept, many of them in audible accents of grief.

Affecting were the testimonies of young and old, of rich and poor, of saints and sinners. All seemed to feel that they had experienced no common loss. Many eyes unused to tears were suffused, and as the

congregation slowly retired from the house, many a stifled sigh, and tremulous, half-choked utterance from the multitude, showed plainly how deep were their emotions.

At a late hour the following evening, a densely crowded assembly were again gathered in the church, where he was wont to minister. The shrouded, coffined form of him whose eloquence had often led them thither, was now laid before the pulpit. The Reverend clergy of nearly all the protestant congregations were present; more than filling the ample platform around the desk. Several of these engaged in solemn fervent prayer. The Rev. Dr. Babcock, after announcing that in accordance with the desire of the deceased brother, a funeral sermon would on a subsequent Lord's day be delivered by the Rev. Mr. Hinton, of New Orleans, proposed to remark:—that in a dispensation shrouded with such thick darkness, he felt grateful that the path to the sepulchre, that day, led through the sanctuary, and invited the sorrowing hearts before him to give heed to the consolatory instructions of THE DIVINE WORD. He then read, with an impressiveness never to be forgotten, appropriate lessons from the Psalms, the Prophets, the Evangelists, and Epistles—following them with brief and pathetic illustrations and enforcement. Among others, it is recollected that he read and remarked on that significant portrait drawn by the evangelical prophet, Isaiah liii. 3, of our divine Redeemer, as "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief"—which was the text selected by the deceased for his last sermon, an outline of which he prepared,

but was unable to deliver. He had mentioned to his beloved companion, while studying that theme, that it seemed *now* peculiarly appropriate to his circumstances, and he thought he could enter more fully and adequately into the conception of it than ever before. On that hint, the speaker now enlarged. Christian ministers, he said, were like their Master, men of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. Some of the elements of it were truthfully, and with deep intensity of emotion and language, delineated. The multiplied sorrows, caused to the faithful ministers, by those professing to be disciples, who so walk as to constrain him to bear testimony against them, even weeping, that they are enemies of the cross of Christ, whose end is destruction:—those who bite and devour one another, and are in danger of being consumed one of another:—those who make their appetite, or the world, or their wilful passions, their God; and will not yield to be led by their Shepherd in right and safe paths.

The unbelieving, too, cause the minister of Christ to be acquainted with grief, when he mourns and weeps over them in vain, and they refuse to come to the full fountain of life and love, and drink of its healing waters. Pungently did he enforce on those who from that sacred desk had heard the tongue now silent in death, pleading with *them*,—and yet had disregarded those entreaties,—that now the ambassador had returned to Him who had commissioned him, and would *there* make a faithful report. Conjuring them to prepare without delay to meet there, the speaker finished this part of his address.

Turning then to that sublime exode of the Apostle, 2 Timothy, iv. 6, 7: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand," having fought the good fight, and kept the faith, and finished the course, he looked with confidence for the crown of righteousness to be GIVEN him! and in a few words of glowing lofty eloquence he portrayed the splendours of that crown—as one who hoped through grace himself to reach it—as one whose rejoicing sympathy exulted in the thought that this late suffering brother had reached and wore it now.

Then followed an address by the Rev. Mr. Grant, to the bereaved companion, and to the church. At the grave, the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, of the Presbyterian church, spoke with his accustomed ability.

Thus closed this solemn day, and many a throbbing heart bore testimony to the power of youthful genius and eloquence and loveliness thus early laid low,—to win its highest homage.

The following is from a Mobile paper:—

OBITUARY OF THE REV. D. H. GILLETTE.

When the grave has closed over the mortal remains of unusual talent and worth—of piety and religious beneficence, it is a privilege of survivors to pause a moment in the giddy whirl of life's career, and mark that they may imitate such excellence. An occasion of this kind is furnished us in the early removal of the individual named at the head of this article. The brief incidents of his short earthly career may be first noticed, before attempting an honest estimate of his character.

DANIEL HOLBROOK GILLETTE was born near the

village of Cambridge, N. Y. His father, a highly esteemed physician, died when his young son was five years old. Reared by the fraternal care of a married sister, at the age of 18 he became decidedly pious, and two years later commenced a course of studies for the Christian ministry. He completed his course with honor and success in 1840, and he was ordained pastor of the Baptist Church in Rahway, N. J., where he ministered acceptably and usefully for 18 months. At this period he suffered a violent hemorrhage of the lungs, which laid him by from preaching one year. Having partially recovered, he accepted a call from the Baptist Church in Charlottsville, Va., and commenced his labours with them in October, 1842. So successful was his ministry there, that during six months one hundred were added to the church. Having suffered from the recurrence of ill health, he was constrained in the autumn of 1843 to visit Mobile; and was soon invited to occupy the pulpit of the St. Anthony Street Church, then vacant by the recent death of the lamented SCHROBEL. After mutual and satisfactory acquaintance he was invited, by a unanimous vote of this church, to become its pastor. In accepting this important post, it was distinctly understood between him and the people of his charge, that every practicable indulgence should be extended to him on account of his infirm health. Accordingly, he spent the last summer North, and returned to his post in December last. Though evidently and rapidly sinking under disease, he continued to officiate till within two weeks of his death, and finally fell asleep in peace on Sabbath evening.

His brief sojourn among us has endeared him uncommonly to all who enjoyed his acquaintance. His bland, engaging manners, his guileless and affectionate heart won the love of all who knew him. These traits of character shone conspicuously in his pastoral relation. He loved its tender, solemn, and assiduous toils, and as far as his strength allowed he discharged them in the most acceptable and useful manner.

His native endowments both of mind and heart, were of a superior order. Few men so young, who have grappled with so much infirmity and interruption, have risen so high or accomplished so much. Unable from feeble health to devote himself to laborious and extensively studious research, his preaching was rather the exhibition of what his own genius and eloquence could accomplish, than an exemplification of the garnered stores of theological wisdom. It may have proved less didactic and variously instructive to some portions of his hearers than he would otherwise have rendered it; but in the power to interest, to chain the thoughts and warm the affections of his hearers, he had few superiors. The angelic sweetness and pathos of his oratory never failed to make a favourable impression, and take him all in all, not soon shall we look upon his like again.

The simple but affecting rites of sepulture, were attended at the church where he was wont to officiate, the evening after his decease. The thronged attendance of a deeply sympathizing audience, and the touching and truthful testimonies in his behalf furnished by nearly all the clergymen in the city, were an appropriate sequel to the good man's life.

The tears of gratitude and sympathy of the sorrowing whom he had comforted, the ignorant whom his lips and life have taught, the wayward and careless whom he has faithfully warned, and the pious whose faith and hope he has strengthened, shall be his sweet memorial."

The eminent and sacredly social source, from whence the following sweet tribute comes, (FANNY FORESTER'S *pure pen*,) entitles it to a high rank and welcome place among these closing memorials of one whose heart, though masculine, "was warm too, and full of exquisite sensibility."

"MY HIGHLY ESTEEMED FRIEND,—

I have spoken often to you of your brother Daniel, whom I remember with much interest. My brother and he were friends, while he was a student, and they often came together to our snug little home, to make us a visit. I was young, and perhaps thought more of personal than intellectual qualities. Yet the loveliness of his character—so simple and truthful—was a thing within the limits of my comprehension. He always brought a gleam of sunshine to us, which made us dread to have him go away. He was a general favourite with both old and young. He sometimes preached for us; and although these were among his very earliest sermons, I can assure you he never lacked for interested hearers. There was something exceedingly soft and winning in his voice and manner, which drew all hearts to him, and consequently to the truths he was presenting.

"After he left Hamilton, I watched him at a dis

tance; until the shadow of the grave was thrown upon his brilliant prospects; and Jesus Christ took the loved disciple to himself. His labours were soon ended, his course early finished, and he is now in glory. God grant that we may meet him there, with others that we have loved in this life—with saints and angels, and our incarnate Saviour.

Ever yours, most sincerely,

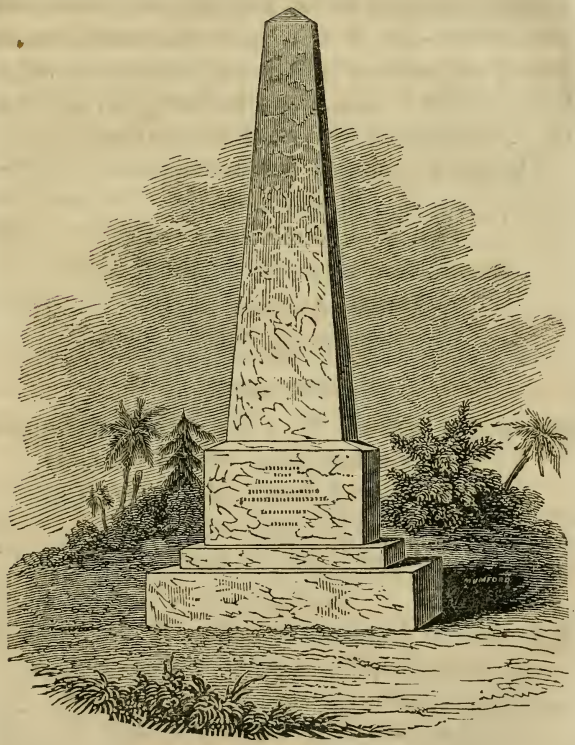
EMILY CHUBBUCK."

"Is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship?"

Surely when those we loved are upward taken, it is no offence to own

"That our bosoms e'er incline
Toward immortal glory's throne."

The annexed engraving will give a general idea of the marble obelisk which now marks the sacred spot where rest the mortal remains of our lamented brother and his baby boy.



Dr. Babcock, whose sympathies are so kindly expressed in his depicting the death-scene of our moral hero, was not weary in well doing. His kind heart prompted the suggestion to the churches in

Rahway, Charlottsville, and Mobile; and we are happy to know that it found a responsive throb in each of those parishes. Means were furnished, and the Dr. procured in New York, an elegant Italian marble monument twelve feet high, of symmetrical proportions—and it now stands over that hallowed dust of our sainted brother and his boy, on which God and Christ look down, intending to raise it at the resurrection of the just at the last day.

The inscriptions upon it are as follow:—

(*East side.*)

REV. DANIEL H. GILLETTE.

Born in Cambridge, N. Y., 1813; died in Mobile, Alabama, Feb., 1845; aged 32.

(*North side.*)

Ordained in Rahway, N. J., July, 1840; he served the Baptist church there—that in Charlottsville, Va., and that in Mobile, as an eloquent preacher and beloved pastor till his death.

(*South side.*)

A graduate of Hamilton Seminary, N. Y.; a scholar of respectable attainments; the best of husbands, and a rejoicing father. In all the various relations greatly beloved and respected, now equally deplored.

(*West Side.*)

Erected by the churches he served.

The important agency of the Rev. Dr. Babcock is duly appreciated by a mourning company, who in the language of Oberlin can sincerely say, they are "UNCERTAIN WHETHER THEY ARE MORE SENSIBLE OF THE LOSS, OR THE JOY OF HAVING POSSESSED SUCH A BROTHER."

In view of the above exhibition of timely sympathy from that kind minister, who with one of the biographers was for several years associated as colleague in the work of the gospel in Philadelphia, we must say with our favourite poet and philosopher, and indeed let us apply it to the many who abounded in kindness to our long afflicted but now glorified brother,—

"I've heard of hearts unkind, unkind deeds
With coldness still returning.
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning."

"IN MEMORY OF THE REV. D. H. G.

"The case of my friend has such a hold on me that I cannot shake it off. There is scarcely a night in which I do not dream of him, with dreams of so vivid and half wakeful a character, that their impression remains with me through the day. So long as he was alive and there was any hope, he was the object of my anxieties. His long illness, and final decease, have become now the subject of thought. He died in the midst of usefulness. He died in the enjoyment of universal confidence and respect. He died in the satisfaction of unwearied and unbounded love. He was one in whom the spirit "o'er-informed" the flesh. He had a great

heart, and its throbbings had worn out its frame. The overworking of the mind had loosed his hold on life. He sank under the shock of the disease which assailed him. Though not for himself too soon, it is too soon for us. His greatness grew with every day. The vigour of his mind grappled all subjects, and could master all. His generous enthusiasm kindled the hearts that it drew to him with its own fires. And in the last service of his life—his very last developed with all that is bravest in a man, whatever in a woman is most lovely and engaging.

Of his intellectual character and attainments, of the daily beauty of his social and domestic life, of his Christian walk and conversation, others have spoken, and will speak with fuller opportunities than I could have. Few with a fuller love. I never met with him that we did not warm or grow together. He was a-glow with all the generous instincts of humanity. They were refined, in him, and sanctified, by the "live coal," which seraphs have in hand. He combined most rarely a keen, broad, sound and manly practicalness with the loftiest and most generous enthusiasm. I have often thought, that had he not been a good theologian, he would have been a good poet. He illustrated this in his zealous devotion to that, which, of all pursuits of men, combines the most of the practical with the best of the poetical, the gospel. It was his favourite study, and most fervent theme. He was in love with it. "You will say," he said to me, in his own hearty playfulness, "that I have stolen your thunder!"

His last acts and words were of friendship. And, what I value most of all, I was among the thoughts of his last hours.—None, from beyond the immediate circle in which my life is passed, have won from me a livelier interest and affection. No message from a death-bed has come nearer to my heart, or dwells more warmly there.

Into the secret place of that venerable mother's sorrow to whom this stroke comes so near, it were rude to enter. Thanks be to God for the revelation, which the ages that had wandered from him farthest cherished as a pleasing dream, "that the bolt makes sacred what it strikes!" Her heart bowing says—"Though my son will not return to me, yet I shall go to him."

Note.—Among the many fragments from his gifted mind, which have survived him, our brother left many sermons, fully and carefully written,—but they cannot, in print, carry with them that manner, voice, spirit, look, and impressive pathos, that glowed so brilliantly in their simple delivery.

The following, we give just as his pen left it.

APPENDIX.

Sermon preached before the East New Jersey Missionary Society, at its meeting, in the City of Newark, in the summer of 1842, *on Christian Faith.*

BY DANIEL HOLBROOK GILLETTE.

"By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house; by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith." —HEBREWS xi. 7.

All the inspired writers have, with great earnestness and zeal, insisted on the *plan* of infinite wisdom. They saw this plan, perfect in all its parts, immutable in all its results, stretching over, and embracing the whole field of their labour, the same eternal and unchanging counsel of God. In this scheme they rejoiced, and upon it they rested; nor did it at all lessen their views of human duty, or weaken their confidence in the instrumentality of man. For though they taught the election of God as sure and indefeasable, yet too frequent had been their attacks with the powers of darkness, and too signal had been their conquests, to allow them to doubt that one of the most effectual methods in which God was pleased to accomplish his own purposes among the nations of the earth, is in sending man to work. From the time when men first began to call upon the name of the Lord, even down to this day, it has been proven clear as demonstration can make it, and to the full satisfaction of every sincere Christian thinker, that without faith it is impossible to please God, and in proportion to every man's faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the

bright, cheering promises of Jehovah, would be his pleasure and success. The world, overspread with polluted waters, and enshrouded with fogs of corruption, is destined to emerge the flood, peer through the darkness, and roll in eternal light. But this has been revealed to man only through the medium of divine communication, and impressed upon his mind by the controlling and transforming influence of the Holy Ghost. In every age, all who obeyed God were led on to duty and to toil, while all they saw was gloomy and terrific. Nevertheless, they did not stagger at the promise, for every advancing step increased their vigour for the next, until with more than giant tread they entered their field of action, and with faith's keen eye surveyed it as their inheritance, won by themselves through Christ, and secured to them by the love and power of God. It was proper for Jehovah to drown the old world because they would not believe on him and repent of their sins; and though he commanded Noah to build an ark 120 years before the flood, yet so strong was his faith in the wisdom and purposes of God, that he cheerfully entered upon the work; and, awed into reverence, and humility, and believing the world would yet be deluged, with great fervour and zeal he ceased not, during all this time, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God. He left nothing undone, and when the windows of heaven were opened, and the deep could no longer keep her fountains, he calmly looked upon the gathering storm, entered the ark with all his family, and, when millions were driven away in their own wickedness, this bark with her sacred crew, rested beautifully upon its own shadow, borne on and directed by an unseen hand, and was saved from the ruins of an ungodly world. It was the faith of Noah which made him believe that the wicked would be drowned, and through fear to offend, through love to obey God he built an ark, to the saving of his house, from which, on the waves' mountain height, he looked down upon a guilty and condemned world, and by faith and works combined he became heir of the righteousness which is by faith.

Christian faith is the subject of this discourse; which we shall make the basis of a few thoughts.

I. On the power, and,

II. The rewards of faith.

I. The power of faith.—It is written that faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. And we have only to adopt the same process of reasoning in spiritual which all enjoy in temporal things, to show the human mind highly susceptible of an exercise by which it yields assent to divine authority without natural proof. This is faith; a principle not more elevated in its nature than glorious in its tendencies,—it is full of grandeur and sublimity. It makes the whole man subservient to all its purposes, withdraws him from the senses, gives him intellectual nerve, and advances him in the dignity of a thinking being. None can possess this principle and be insensible of its mightiness—like the fires of Etna, it cannot be confined—its first developments may be only a few feeble corruscations, but anon it bursts forth in full blaze, and burns to immeasurable height. There is no faith without works acceptable with God; and in its simple exercise the saint feels great majesty of mind, and his thoughts seem omnipotent. The momentary interests of self find no place in his soul, and he counts all the sufferings of this present life not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed hereafter. His thoughts soar above, and he knows it well adapted not only to the brilliancy of present effect; but to the purpose of more invincible endurance, for on more occasions than one has she arisen like the phœnix from the ashes of desolation, plumed her pinions anew, and with more ample circumference of motion, mounted again towards her native heaven. The child of God drinks down the spirit of unbending audacity, and makes the future predominate over the present, and firmly believes in the existence of things not seen. He bends a keen, piercing glance on the weight of eternal glory, and makes this a constant motive to vigorous, perpetual action. It enables him, though a feeble worm of the dust, to take strong hold

upon all the perfections of Deity, and trusting in the veracity of God, the righteousness of Christ, and the faithfulness of the Holy Ghost, he fastens his hand on the eternal throne,

"And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl."

Thus stimulated, he cheerfully practises self-denial and benevolence; and, placing a firm reliance on the faithfulness and verity of all the divine promises revealed, he evinces the spirit and excellency of his calling by at once, and joyfully, becoming an agent in carrying out that stupendous scheme which is destined to cleanse the earth from every foul blot. And the servants of God have always succeeded in every sacred enterprise in proportion to their faith. Do obstacles arise mountain high? if thy faith be as a grain of mustard seed, thou shalt say to them, Be ye removed, even into the depths of the sea, and they shall obey thee. Faith has hushed the lion's roar, calmed the fierce wave, and dried up the sea.

Sustained by this, the ancient people of God eagerly looked for the rising of the gospel sun, which by the purpose of God, was to beam on the darkened east—to throw light over on the distant west—to encircle the world with its rays, and shine with more than noontide effulgence on all the nations of the earth. Though the religious ceremonies of that ancient economy were but dim shadows of living realities, nevertheless, they became vast sublimities by revealing what is profound and terrible in invisible power, and, by the ardour of the suppliants, seemed about equally blended with beauty and loveliness. So firmly was their confidence fixed in the unseen reality, while they enjoyed the deep, luxuriant shadow, that no earthly power could move them. The patriarch could leave his home and kindred, sever all ties of consanguinity, and journey to a distant, unexplored land, led only by the promptings of an unseen hand—and with equal readiness would he have bathed the dreadful knife in the vitals of his son, had it pleased the mind of the Lord. Time would fail us to observe the

many striking examples in which the power of faith is seen equalled by no human strength. But let us take one more as seen in the rites of the temple worship, than which nothing can be conceived more imposing and sublime; that the suppliants, while won by the attractions of the scene, might be awed into humility, contrition, and adoration. There were the priests ministering before the Lord in their splendid livery—victims burning upon the altar, from which savoury vapour floated off upon the breezes—skirting the brow of the neighbouring mountains with beautiful festoons. The sound of the golden bells fastened to the high priest's robes, as he entered the holy of holies—mingled with the half uttered and half suppressed ejaculations of ten thousand hearts, pleading with God that their offerings might be accepted and their sins forgiven. The vast concourse filling the temple and stretching off in the distance like a forest of moving trees. —These are the brief outlines of a scene that was yearly repeated before the enraptured view of God's ancient people. But their faith only made their worship acceptable —enabled them to wait patiently for the coming Messiah, and disclosed to their mind a much sublimer scene beyond. They listened to the stirring melody of the prophetic muse, and it seemed as the voice of angels. The abrupt and broken, but mighty accents of the rapt seer, were equally cheering, for they proclaimed liberty to the captives—the opening of prisons to them that are bound—the ultimate destruction of sin, and the universal triumph of peace. All this they firmly believed, and though they little expected to see it, yet they knew that such would be the condition of the world, and that all nations would enjoy peace like a river of righteousness—like the waves of the sea.

Faith, by the great apostle, is called the substance of hope, or of things hoped for, and hope he compares to an anchor: now what is the power of faith but the securing of the soul from all trouble, toil, and affliction? Yon anchored ship enjoys rest from the labouring sea, and though winds howl through her cordage, and the ocean heave with mad-

ness, though the storm rage, and heaven seem discharging its fearful artillery upon the face of the boiling deep, yet neither ship nor crew are in danger either of the might of the tempest, the violence of the impetuous flood, or of the surge-repelling rock, for they have both outrode the storm, and are safely moored in a haven of rest. They watched the breeze, kept an eye upon the polar star, and a hand on the helm, and when they entered the harbour they cast anchor, whose flukes take hold upon the mountain's firm base, and though they may have been brushed by the sweeping wing of the gale, yet now they defy the raging elements, and rest from all their toil.

Brethren, we are yet upon life's foaming sea, and our bark, at times, is fearfully tossed by opposing winds and storms; her rigging now and then creaks, she careens to the water's edge, we tremble, lift our hand in fearful weakness, expecting to be overborne; darkness gathers, and discouragements ensue. But the cloud parts, the gale subsides, our ship comes erect, and we glide on, and again see our polar star; 'tis the bright star of Bethlehem. A few more such storms and life's toils are past. But we have now an anchor cast within the veil, which fastens on to Christ the rock of ages, a rock rent from before the foundation of the world, to make fastening-places for the anchor of the believing mariner. Let us all hold to that anchor with faith's strong grasp, and no power can harm us. And amid passing elements and revolving worlds we will keep our eye steadily fixed on the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. And by and by, though the shore of eternity be strewn with the broken fragments of ten thousand wrecked barks, yet we, with the whole church of the redeemed, with the entire host of God's elect gathered up and brought in from all the kindreds of the earth, will float in Zion's ship on the unruffled surface of yon sea of glass; through faith we shall reap a rich reward for every sacrifice, sorrow, and affliction. Fathers and brethren, be not wearied in well doing, for in due time ye shall reap if ye faint not; for these light afflictions which are

but for a moment work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we look not at the things which are seen, for they are temporal, but at the things which are not seen, for they are eternal.

O Lord, increase our faith, "for by grace are we saved through faith; and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God." We are admonished here to speak of the rewards of faith.

II. The rewards of faith are twofold—they pertain to this and to the world to come. We do not live, however, in an age of council, like that of the third century, when Constantine sat on the throne, and was made head of the church, and cruelty oppressed the humble follower of Jesus; neither is it, like the seventh, chivalrous and bloody—when Mahomed, with his creed in one hand and a sword in the other, rode on conquering and to conquer; nor is it like the sixteenth century, when the voice of Luther and Melanchthon shook down profane crucifixes and altars, and made all Europe tremble.

But this is an age of light and reason—an age in which the truth appears as it is in Jesus, except it be clothed and burdened with the inventions and dogmas of men. And it is our province, as a denomination, to strip off the last vestige of error, and give it to the world, as it came from the Holy Ghost. This day, kings and prophets longed to see, but died without the sight.

The first advocates of Christianity, though amid the first glory of the gospel and the full blaze of miracle, required then the greater assistance, for they were obliged to encounter the stronger opposition. Before an indiscriminate throng adopted one common creed; but now a despised few were contending with the world. The proud Pharisee scorned the humble doctrines of the cross; the Sadducee denied the resurrection of Christ; and the vile, besotted Gentile worshipped the gods of this world. To all these the church was then destined to administer the bread and water of life; and though few and feeble, yet their faith never failed them. They took the spoiling of their goods joyfully, and,

looking through the vista of ages, saw the church in more than its present magnificence and glory. At the first, it seemed as a little stone cut from the mountain without hands—small and unshapely—but they saw it roll on till it became a great mountain and filled the whole earth. They were denounced and persecuted by all nations, but stood unmoved—were happy in flames that consumed them—and, with the sword of the Spirit, slew thousands at their death, and were then ready to be offered; for they had finished their work; they had kept the faith, and were fitted for a righteous crown. These now all rest from their labours, but their works follow them.

But that age, with all its cruelties, is past; the present, however, does not allow us to be idle. Though sentiments of truth and virtue have made signal triumph and obtained apparent favour in the eyes of the world, yet now even the more arch and subtile are the enemies of the cross. They make every possible and vigorous attempt at success. Their schemes appear harmless—tinctured with sufficient truth to deceive—they shine to allure, and allure to destroy. Human wisdom alone cannot detect them, it requires wisdom from above—the unrenewed soul can do nothing in the conflict, it requires the light of God's countenance with the light of reason—for these things are spiritually discerned. This is the province of the Christian. The humble follower of Jesus alone is able to detect error and arrest vice—he it is, skilled in his Master's cause and learned in the school of Christ, who can investigate every human purpose—trace, in morals, effects to their causes, and foresee, from every cause, its consequent effect.

Where now are such men to be found—men who already anticipate the enemy of God, and the recapturing of the world? Where, did I say? They are here before me; your cause is a noble one, only trace the footsteps of your Lord —imitate his zeal and example. Let not your faith fail you, and by his might giving strength to you ere long death and hell will lie vanquished at your feet.

But this age teems with diverse sentiments, and its

genius is invention. The Bible teaches but one Lord, one faith, one baptism. But thousands who profess to be holy and wise—teach another doctrine. These, untiring in their efforts, and intent on success, like Prometheus, a heathen deity, have stolen from heaven sufficient fire to add life and character to the creeds which their plastic hands have formed from the crude materials of their vile imaginings. These must be encountered, and it requires courage, not that which, wrought up by the stimulations of animal passion, or popular applause, can rush with apparent audacity now and then upon the cannon's mouth; but that which, single-handed and alone, can easily withstand all the fiery darts of the adversary—can gaze upon impending and expected calamity, yet never shrink from its purpose. The loftiest mind, guided only by the light of science and nature, is totally unable to grapple with these foes—for they have often involved the adroit metaphysician in the labyrinths of error and perplexity, from which he could never escape. He alone can safely meet them whose weapons are spiritual, and he has nothing to fear from their power.

Such are our weapons; and such is our courage while surveying the world's wide waste, that we have resolved, in the strength of the Lord, to push our spiritual conquests to the utmost bounds of the earth, nor have we resolved in vain. Though our opponents collect all their forces, and summon up all their energy, yet grasping the very pillars of falsehood and vice, with the strength of the blind Samson, and a zeal well worthy of our cause, we can easily demolish the whole fabric, and whelm it in one common ruin.

We now, at one glance, comprehend a large portion of the human kind, who have no knowledge of the Lord Jesus, and of the way of life: our eye rests on Asia, whose 380,000,000 of souls seem to us, like the vale of vision filled with dry bones; and the voice breaks upon our ears, saying, Can these bones live? And we reply, O Lord, thou knowest. Our hearts sicken at the sight of so many immortal souls who have no hope, and are without God in

the world, and we offer up this fervent prayer, Come, thou breath of the Lord, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live. We look elsewhere, and the world seems covered with men dead in trespasses and in sins. But the word of God is able to make them alive and bring them forth to a spiritual resurrection. This teaches the way, the truth, and the life, and points to Jesus, and proves that whosoever believeth in him, though he were dead, yet shall he live. All this we believe: this is the bread of life, and the object of this society is to give it to the world, that the hungry, starving soul may eat and live for ever.

But human wisdom has laid polluted hands on the Bible in which is wrapped up the last hope of man, and thousands make it teach what it never did teach, framing from its pure pages a thousand spurious creeds, and all claim to be holy and divine. How, and by what means can these evils be avoided, the truth ascertained and given to the nations pure and unmutilated? The power and means are ours—we have the means to meet the adequate expense—an impartial eye to trace every line of the inspired page in the bright sunshine of heaven. It is the impartial disciple who sees that its thoughts are God's thoughts—rays darted directly from light insufferable. This he knows to be a book written by infinite wisdom—drawn from the library of heaven, and thrown out, like the flying roll in prophetic vision, to supply th eworld with light and knowledge.

This, brethren, is your prerogative, and will you not improve it? The faith is yours, the ability and works are yours, and the reward will inevitably be yours. An Alexander could face all danger to gain a temporal kingdom; but you have no dangers to face, for your leader is invincible, and the kingdom and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven shall be given to the people of the saints of the most high God; then shall they receive an everlasting kingdom which cannot be moved.

Genuine faith in Christ—leads to unbending decision, for the cause is well understood before one step is taken.

Such faith, like Galileo with his telescope, views distant worlds as they are, and with burning sympathy commiserates their woes, yea, like the glass and lever of Archimedes, it will set on fire the entire fleet, and upheave the battlements of the enemy of God. Such decision and sympathy moves the heart to wipe away the tear of orphan wretchedness, and sooth the widow's anguish, to enter the abodes of incarcerated criminals and soften the stony pillow of the prisoner.

It was such faith, decision, and zeal, that kindled our present missionary spirit—a spirit which we hope will continue to burn

> "Till the dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
> Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
> From distant mountains, catch the flying joy,
> And nation after nation taught the strain,
> Earth will roll the rapturous hosanna round."

O who would not have faith and benevolence; who will withhold more than is meet, when they know it tendeth to poverty? Will not Christians of this peaceful nineteenth century have strong faith in God? Ask of him, and he will give to his Son, and to your Lord, the heathen for his inheritance and the utmost bounds of the earth for his possession. The influence of such faith the proud ocean could not retain, for it impelled Carey to self-denying labours, and brought him to a glorious death among eastern idolaters. It encouraged Bunyan to meet his adversaries calmly and defy their power. To Luther it gave a panoply in which he boldly met the forces of earth and hell in arms. It was this that enabled him to take the writings of the mother of harlots, to cast them into the fire, and exclaim, "Because ye have troubled the saints of the Lord, therefore let eternal fire trouble you." It was faith only that imparted to him thunder which shook kings upon their thrones, and nerved his arm to seize and overwhelm the strong pillars of popery. He read prayerfully, and digested the truths of his Bible—and drank at the fountain of life in the dreary cells of his monastery—and this alone prepared him

for those unearthly deeds which broke the repose of a slumbering world. Yet he failed to teach the whole truth. But this privilege, with the power, is put into our hands; and it requires only the faith of Abraham, Noah, Enoch, and Elijah to lift up the lamp of life and cause its mist-dispelling rays to shine on every land.

Brethren, we are all sentinels of Zion and stewards of God's house. We are set to watch for souls as those who must give account—and the money we have is not our own, it belongs to our Lord. How much of it are we willing to give back to him? Let us beware lest we be found sentinels false to our trust—and standing finally at the foot of the throne, perjured stewards having the blood of immortal souls on our head and on our hand. Deliver us, O Lord, from blood-guiltiness, and enable us in the judgment to feel that we have given up all for thy sake, and then be able to call the world to witness that we are pure from the blood of all men. With your alms withhold not your prayers, but offer them in faith; and they will ascend into the ear of benignant Heaven, like the exhalations of earth and ocean, to return again in fertilizing drops of mercy upon the soul and society of man. Though you go forth weeping, bearing precious seed, doubtless you will return from the harvest bringing your sheaves with you, and rejoicing.

But the hour is passing, and we have only to say that the rewards of faith are more fully realized in the world to come. Here, for self-denial and sacrifice, we have a hundred fold; but in the world to come life everlasting.

Let the impenitent sinner come with us to the bed of the dying saint who has spent a life of toil in the service of God. He not only dies calmly and resigned, but goes up to glory with souls who were redeemed through his instrumentality, and says, Here, Lord, am I, and those thou hast given me. O sinner, do you not envy the dying saint his joy? He feels earth recede and heaven draw nigh;

"His soul bursts forth in unknown strains,
And sings surprising grace.
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd mount yon heavenly road,
There sits my Saviour, dressed in love,
And there my smiling God.
Faith climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
It makes the darkest cloud withdraw."

And the expiring saint, like Payson, who represented God to have once been in his eye as the twinkling of a distant star, but now as coming down upon him like a broad sun, flooding the entire hemisphere with light and glory, feels that he is not a distant pilgrim from the land of promise. Ere life is extinct he seems to be a borderer upon that happy land, and to tread the outskirts of heaven. He feels its genial warmth upon his soul—his ear drinks in the strain of its music, as it floats across the distance —its crowns of glory catch his vision, and he hastens to meet with Him in whom is all his delight. As he approaches the Jordan of death, hitherto broad and cold, now it dwindles to a rill—he leaps it with a single bound—then arises to possess a mansion on high, where the bright beams of the sapphire throne pour for ever on his head, as he sits encompassed with heaven's jasper walls.

Finally, Oh! that the saints of God had more and stronger faith! for by and by Jehovah will not shake earth only, but heaven also; and where then shall we all be found? have we an ark? have we been moved by holy fear, prepared for the saving of our house—for our own and for the immortal souls of our fellows? and when God shall arise to shake terribly the earth, will our faith condemn the ungodly, and make us heirs of an inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away? O that we could see all of our church arise in that mightiness which God has promised to give them; then would they appear beautiful as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, and terrible as an army with banners. We can boast of the simple truth, and we have only to use faithfully the means we have, and, through the instrumentality of our

hitherto despised denomination, the world will be recaptured to her rightful Lord. Think of the destruction of the old world, and then look forward to God's coming wrath, and how much more terrible is the future judgment upon the ungodly!

Oh! that the impenitent part of this audience might hear, and live. I know of a coming tempest, in which the earth will not only shake, and the sea and waves roar, but the heavens will drop their stars as trees their untimely figs, and the ocean upon which the whole family of man is borne will be stirred and driven into raging foam, and all who have not built an ark by faith—all who have not made Christ their anchorage—though their vessels be laden with reason, and high intelligence, and noble faculty, they will be drifted to and fro, shattered, and dismantled, and, at last, thrown on the shore, fit for the burning. But there are ships which shall not founder in this battle and dissolution of elements. There are ships which shall not be consumed when the sea of fire shall inundate the world. They shall be found upon crystal and tranquil waters, bearing the colours of victory and of peace. Come, now! all ye that would board them!—the price is within your reach!—grasp the standard!—unfurl the banner!—let it vibrate upon the breeze! Then you can proclaim victory, and say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

THE END.

1. part.
N.K.